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## THE RUINS AT PÆSTUM.

THE trip to Pæstum, vernacular Pesto, is not on the beaten track. Every American does not find it inevitably in the worn round contemplated in the popular notion of a trip to Europe; and is not informed, as he is of the thousand-and-one other places he might chance to have neglected, in some evil hour, that without seeing this special spot, his whole journey is in vain; 'missed the very thing,' about which unvisited object there is to hang a perennial mystery; and this for not following Murray to the letter.

If there could be a place without the inevitable guide, where this same Murray relaxed his sway, it would be the very place to see, just for novelty. We had found it; a spot we could visit, that once, where the everlasting red book would not mortify our timid learning, where we could air our classic lore uncowed, and turn our yearnings for antiquity loose in an unhedged field. The old Neapolitan territory was to Murray then, barbarian ground, blighted, excommunicated, though now it has found favor in his eyes, and we now have 'Murray's Hand-book for Southern Italy.' We were then travelling in the dark ages of this region, and with excited feelings at finding ourselves on an exploring expedition, we were off for our ruins.

We started on one of the 'ancient ways' that we had a notion would be quite pathless, but in the outset antiquity faded before us; the way was all modern. Journeying to this decayed capital of a forgotten people, where we were longing to breathe the air of the past, to ignore the too much newness of the nineteenth century, and to know and be known only of the things that were, in the threshold of this journey to the past, we had to admit the present; the cunning of the men of to-day provides the means that gets the traveller off from Naples towards the old temples; and as if in mockery of the past, it is by an every-day rail-road. With an allowance for this obtruding symptom of the present, we dreamed ourselves safe at last

from common places; we were not prepared at all for the shock we suffered, for the cruel sacrifice, as it seemed, of all the unities of present and past, as the lazy Italian conductor called out in his laziest way, 'Ercolano.' It was the common-place manner of the whole thing. Herculaneum! To us it brought up eighteen entire centuries, with old Vesuvius belching, and all the lava running, Romans, melted streets, engulfed houses and buried togas, that could be reasonably crowded into one improvised picture. Why was not every body excited? why no rush to the windows—no feverishness? But every body else was calm; nothing but a station on a rail-road. Directly again, 'Pompeii!' in just as every-day a way as our conductor at home says, 'Brighton,' and all the heads would then and there have been buried in those exterminators of the eye-sight on rail-roads, newspapers, if such an institution had been known there, or in the country at all, which it certainly was not. This was seriously stupid; it was trifling with all the sacred things of school-days, and could only be avenged by voting the whole race a set of lazzaroni, as they truly were without much fiction.

We were utterly disgusted with the rail-road, and when the time came, gladly rushed for places in that all-capacious, social thing, the omnibus, there being no feature about that style of vehicle to cause one to despise the things of the past as slow affairs. This pieces out the rail-road to Nocera. Again we changed, as is the chronic custom in journeys through that country, and this time we gained a shade or two of antiquity in the time-honored diligence, slow but trusty, less capacious, less cosmopolitan, but combining the more substantial merits unknown to the moderns, of safety and freedom. Nothing but this expanded old wagon disturbed the harmonies of the mediævo-classic road to old Salernum, and so we lumbered into that ancient crest-fallen town, once one of the faithful cities of the empire, contributing its part to the nurture of the imperial vipers, a full-blown capital of the middle ages; and through a university that blared up out of the receding shadows of the dark ages, a mighty propagandist of the learning of materia medica; a beautiful bay, second only to the first in the world at Naples, with mouldering, slimy houses creeping on its rim, swarming with beggarly drones and filled with fleas, habitations and inhabitants a perpetual apology for each other's filth; a square or two filled with market-women peddling in the music of their own native language, surrounded with cords of oranges, the income of the spring, and crops of donkies for domestic and foreign servitude, made up all this; a fair picture of Salerno as it then was, its glory and its shame. We could have 'done' Salerno in a shorter time than we took, but it was necessary to go through with preliminaries here before we could get to Pæstum. The word 'we' in this humble narra-

tive is not editorial, but in the royal style, a sort of algebraic formula for a dozen sovereigns from this land of free and enlightened democracy, straggled together we could not well tell how, but drawn at meeting by the irresistible sympathies of fatherland among strangers, and quick to league together on any adventure where we could by numbers make the American name terrible to the harpies that here prey on travellers, and despise to our heart's content all that belonged to the miserable race around us. Having despised then this old town, as our wont was, sufficiently, we proceeded to business. A little 'past meridian' found us at barter, 'going to-and-fro, and walking up and down' in the ancient squares to find an honest vetturino. It was as useless an errand as ever the lantern of Diogenes went on. Our most successful diplomatist attempted the flinty heart of the proprietor of the genteel vehicles in vain; could not think of it. At last there was a lively bidding among 'the supply;' it gradually leaked out that there was a dearth of business, and finally one of the third-rate financiers of the party secured two unambitious carriages at about one-quarter of the original price, and at not more than twice their worth, for the trip, which was a point gained in that country. In due time our caravan started.

The air of the past hung over that lonely ride to the old ruins. Live Romans may have owned the orange-groves and lemon-trees that lined the way, and been then lurking somewhere about in good classic togas; and the Lucanian freebooters been still the dominant spirits in these precious wastes, for all we saw of the signs of mortal men: Neptune, in whose ancient domains we were, and who had reigned here in the hearts of the long-passed-away sons of men, had it all his own way. The desolate track wound along within the never-ceasing sound of the 'far-sounding sea,' and his great presence was not to be forgotten. But what cared we for the hoary claims of the god of the sea? In Yankee land we only knew him as the slave of trade, and his modern worshippers are the sons of mammon, whose homage is bought by the round dollars he nets to commerce. So different from the ancient religion! We voted the Romans ancient fogies; and in oblivion of them laughed and told over the familiar jokes of our native land.

All at once we found a Rubicon in our way. On the banks of the little Silurus that crossed our path, where centuries before Spartacus of the gladiators was so thoroughly defeated by Crassus, we came upon the brink of the same ignominy. As we neared the wretched stream, we saw — could not be mistaken — soldiers! and not the shades of those venerable fellows of Crassus, but actual, filthy Neapolitan soldiers. Before we could well guess what new tortures these grim servants of tyranny were to practise upon their usual victims,

strangers, the word 'passports' startled us. We smiled at the old trick, for we knew they were all right; but alas! they said nothing about Pæsto. Our laughter became hollow, and our jokes withered. It was in vain we reported what the police said as to a 'vise' in the dominions. If the government did stultify itself, it was no business of intruding strangers. No, we must go back; not one step farther toward Pæstum. To no purpose we brought out our best sophistries; argued and entreated: our ruins were fading fast from us. But O foolishness of men! We feared frail Neapolitans; we had our 'open sesame' with us for such men as these, and had forgotten to use it. Strange to forget a power that has rarely failed among the children of men; a power that controls the forces of this world, and with which Archimedes — pity he was so stupid — might have made an impression on it, that he vainly sought in mechanics; the only power that the Neapolitan State knows from the throne to the duane, and which could keep in ceaseless slavery the entire kingdom. Such is the power of the vile stuff Iago believed in. We slipped the shining *douceurs* into the temporizing palms of the enemy, and O potent spell! the stern bravery of these true champions of a rotten dynasty melted away, and fiery Mars became a bleating lamb! Verily there is a power among men 'mightier' than both 'the pen and the sword.' Our die being cast in luck, and we safely over our Rubicon, we had more orange-groves, more solitude by the sea, and in the programme time we strained our eyes upon sundry gray tops and gray columns that grew into our temples.

We had learned a lesson or two as travellers, and one was, that travelling was a regular business, to be looked after as any other hard work in this probationary state, and that it is sound policy in the traveller to be internally all right. True to our philosophy and to certain instincts not so ethical, that owed their vigor to four hours' jolting, we went directly into the details of that anomaly, incident alike to excursions and picnics, a cold collation; and we ignored all ruins, until we had done the business for the kindly viands in our baskets. It was a dangerous system of tactics, perhaps, in sight-seeing; we heard of an instance where it proved fatal. The story was told of some amateur pilgrims to one of our battle-fields at home, who perhaps not wisely but too really, suffered the sun to go down on their preliminary banquet, and alas! cruel stint to the memory of heroes, had to see the glories of the field by the foolish light of a lantern! But with the long hours of an Italian day, Pæstum was saved to us. We approached the three huge structures, and stood in their great shadows in awe of them. It was like standing in the presence of Antiquity herself, and we looked upon them as the venerable representatives of the past, more august than any thing of pure art that exists

upon the face of the earth. Almost three thousand years old! What can we realize of such a stretch of time in a land where cities are made in place of yesterday's Indian huts, and where a little old smoked building of 1600 odd is a wonder of age; and yet this old masonry we are contemplating has come down from the Latin kings. The temple of Neptune is almost as perfect as when the great architect left it. From a dozen different points you look at it, and a pure Gothic structure, true and more complete than the Parthenon, stands before you; scarcely a piece has fallen, except here and there a fragment or a block from cornice or entablature, and the ragged travertine of which the temples are built has only become more eaten by the moth of time. Enough remains of the other two buildings to show their whole outline and character. The columns of the Temple of Neptune are seven or eight feet in diameter, and twenty-nine feet in height, and with the fixed ratios to the diameter and the severe proportions of the Greek ideal about it, it is easy to judge of the massiveness of a piece of architecture that may well be a pure classic model when the Parthenon has crumbled away. And these huge pillars and capitals and bases have kept their faith to the giant building, and not yielded a jot to the insinuating advances of time. The eye may run along the cornice and over the score of capitals that surround it, and not one stone is out of true in all the long row, in all the line that level and plummet made centuries before! O ye McFlimseys of modern builders! who build your pretentious structures on the unsteady ten per cents of the tenants in this world, how will your buildings stand the test of two thousand years, though of marble or from Quincy's granite? and though your pillars and pediments imitate the temples of the gods, in the business marts? And where will they be beside the creations of the poor unchristian Greek, who knew naught of stocks and bonds, steam or telegraphs, of the sea or the dry land? Every race that has come and gone, so far in the divine polity, has had its specialty, and to the Greek genius were intrusted the precious triumphs of art. Among the glories of the Augustan age there was no Parthenon or Pæstum or *chef d'œuvres* of the native chisel. Plenty of war, literature and luxury, but their temples were imitations or corrupt copies, and the people of Rome sent to Athens for their sculptors.

Of the two other ruins, one is a smaller temple, small only in comparison with pillars still standing, but with cornices and gables ragged and fallen; the other is a square kind of structure or inclosure, for some of the specialties of the old worship, perhaps the Rathhaus of Pæstum, for the assemblage of the people, from which you miss some of the great gray travertine pillars, and find chasms where you must supply capitals and long blocks in the entablature; and yet, where

the masonry stands out, yielding inch by inch only to the enemy of all created things, with all the breeches that time's battering ram has forced into these bulwarks of travertine, not forgetting that their roofless state is owing not to the caprice of time, but to the instinct of the architect, who thought the blue canopy the only fit covering for these temples of the gods; and some two thousand years have dealt very kindly with these creations of man — better than with the fame of the builders or architects. The thing made has outlasted the very memory of the maker. The dolphin and the syren, standing out in relief on the key-stones of arches still standing among the ruined walls, anomalously enough keep alive the superstitions of a race that have themselves, all but their ruins, passed to oblivion. There are still visible in the travertine of the pillars, perfect forms of petrified reeds and leaves, once flourishing in a quiet and homely vegetable state ages before these sons of the gods were born. Here is a 'sermon in the rocks,' to read on ambition! Every vestige of the men who made these places, or needed them for the sublimities of any invented worship, has clean gone forever — race, tribe, stock, language, wholly rooted out; no living habitation within stadia; no shelter except a brace of shiftless Italian barns. Such a present to account for such a past!

The Oscans have a tradition that Æneas landed on these shores. Perhaps the wandering Trojan stumbled on these temples, or more heroically himself, the pious son of a goddess had these solid testimonials reared to Neptune, in dogged payment of some fitful vow to the powers of the sea. Five miles from here they tell of a temple built by Jason when exploring for that aurean myth, the legend of which has inflamed the youth of generations. Perhaps the crew of that ancient craft, the 'Argo,' came to their senses hereabouts, and, cured of the gold-fever, of which richer subjects in the enlightened ages have got well, found fame by the solid creations of their Greek genius more enduring than gold, more 'paying' than fleece. The classic fancy might run riot in building over again these mysterious ruins. No mortal can now tell whence these builders came, or whither they went, except under the sod — the goal of all us. The mark of the race only is here; the stock that built the Parthenon made Pæstum; and if they did not scratch their names on the stones, they left their indelible traces behind them:

'Si monumenta requiris  
Circumspice.'

Moralizing over these things, we searched around for the proper relics to adorn the deserted hearth in fatherland; the relics which it is part of the traveller's religion to lug away with him from every spot that is



thoroughly 'done:' and the ready guide bartered to us ugly, shapeless coins and images, purporting to vary in age from two to four thousand years; manufactured no doubt in gross in the curious factory of some Italian Yankee; and the spurious pieces are now actually among the Penates, with kindred stuff from other shrines of the past. With wavering credulity, the fruit of countless impositions, we crammed into the knapsack, to wither, one or two of the few roses of Pæstum, that, as Virgil says in our old copy of the 'Georgics,' bloom twice a year:

'FORSITAN et pingues hortos quæ cura colendi  
Ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Pæsti.'

Then leaving the old ruins to their loneliness, we came back by moonlight the same deserted road by the sea. In the freshness of morning, we were bearing along on that never-to-be-forgotten sail from Salerno to Amalfi, creeping along in the shade of the ragged, classic cliffs, with Italian boatmen, passably clean, singing the airs from Verdi, and interluding with the just as enjoyable music of their own tongue. It was the very way to approach Amalfi; floating into the slimy old city, from the waters she ruled so long in the listless pace of all things Italian, with Italian music to dream back the decayed romance of the middle ages that hangs about it, and to people the rich old buildings that grow up at your approach. After a sturdy breakfast in the famous old town, where we put our boatmen upon a tub of maccaroni, to enjoy a sight of that Italian specialty, eating maccaroni with the fingers — we left Amalfi in a more subdued state of mind, and threw away our poetry and romance upon miserable donkies. The usual wrestling with the beasts and toil up the mountain-sides, brought us to that Pisgah of these profane parts, where we had at once before us the promised shores of Naples, and the one bay of all the world; and behind, the far-stretching bay of Salerno, with the cities we had left in the distance. Here, before this scene, the German wanderer would have laid down his staff, in obedience to a saying of fatherland, and yielded up the ghost:

'Neapel zu sehen und dann sterben.'

This sight of the gala city warrants the whole extravagance of the thought. But we, your practical Yankees, still pattered on down the hill-sides through streets of drying maccaroni in the villages, down into Castel-à-mare, a name that melts in the mouth; and finally aired our national spirit, before being locked into the cars of the last train for Naples, by a characteristic race of our fleet donkies through the shouting and staggered crowds of indolent Italians, who had, and have, and always to the end of time, will have nothing else to do.

## T H E W O L F - C H A S E .

A LAY SONG AT A SUSQUEHANNAH TARGET-MATCH.

Now rest your rival fires a space, and, patient to my strain,  
 Come gather round, ye marksmen bold, and list each ruddy swain :  
 For I would sing a wondrous tale, as yet in song untold,  
 A venerable legend of the merry days of old ;  
 The merry days when dark-eyed stags, with antlers branching wide,  
 Came bounding o'er the frosty hills to sip Swatara's tide ;  
 When farmers hale with hound and gun would sally forth at morn  
 To track the burly bear along his path of trodden corn,  
 And when amid the jovial hunt the horn's shrill-echoing sound  
 Oft called the blithe brigade of chase some forest terror round,  
 And panther-fight and wolf-belay the day's adventures crowned.

It was a rare December dawn ; the air was sharp and clear,  
 When mustered at their rendezvous the hunters of the deer.  
 A sturdy crew of stalwart port and hardy visage brown ;  
 Of steadiest hand and keenest eye, all marksmen of renown.  
 Bold BLUDGEON of the Bottom, famed for rifle long and true ;  
 And CHUNK, whose eye his comrades swore could bore a mill-stone through :  
 And BULRUSH BOLT, the strong of arm, whom lamps of evil fire  
 One night delusive lured astray, and left knee-deep in mire ;  
 And SCROP who spied a bear at eve a-crouching in his rye,  
 Drew sight, let fly, and came in time to see his cart-horse die ;  
 And DORNUCK, noted forest scout ! a deadly shot was he !  
 Some say off-hand at fifty yards he hit a skipping flea !  
 (Apart he stood, and chewed his quid and looked complacent on,  
 While cheerful 'neath their shaggy brows his steady blue eyes shone ;)  
 And PAT, the jolly chopper's son ; and BUSHEL quick and ware ;  
 With BANDY, who, when cooning once, was caught in possum-snare.

Not yet the morning sun had lit the mountain summits gray,  
 When posted up the mountain's side the hunters lurking lay ;  
 Close crouched along the narrow paths through which the rambling deer  
 Were wont to seek the grassy swards, or tumbling torrents clear.  
 Far up the rugged heights advanced, where rose the knotty pines,  
 And reared the ash his leafless limbs, o'ercrept with tangled vines,  
 Low ambushed in the underwood, stout SCROP, with wary eye,  
 Surveyed the pathway's trodden length, th' approaching deer to spy.  
 Stern through the dark-green laurel leaves uprose his trusty gun,  
 And brightly through its tattered sheath his hunting-whistle shone :  
 His heart beat high with grateful rye, and inly oft he swore,  
 That when a deer should pass his fire, the Devil must run on four.



While thus he vauntful vowed, he saw the distant laurels move,  
And two ferocious eyes glare down the pathway from above,  
And sudden with a savage bound a creature sprang to sight,  
And down the path with rapid trot approached the hidden wight.  
Cold ran the startled blood of SCROP, and pale his visage grew,  
And to his beating heart thick fears and dread misgivings flew.  
Such eyes, such fangs, on harmless beast did ever mortal see?  
A *wolf* — a ravenous, murderous *wolf* the creature sure must be!  
With trembling hand he raised his tube, the fatal spring let fly —  
The bullet missed its deadlier aim, but grazed the creature's thigh,  
And, howling loud, with desperate bounds the wounded wolf sped by.

Then up sprang SCROP with nimble haste, and raised a huge halloo,  
'A wolf! a wolf! shoot, BLUDGEON, shoot! Do n't let the varmint through!'  
Immediate BLUDGEON also roared, and BANDY sped the cry,  
And, bull-like, bellowing, BUSHEL, PAT, and CHUNK and BOLT reply.  
Then fast as ran the frightened wolf the gauntlet of his foes,  
In crashing chorus rifle-crack on rifle-crack arose;  
And from his bushy covert forth each hunter ardent leapt,  
And down the path in mad pursuit tumultuous shouting swept.  
All save the veteran forest-scout, who saw the wolf limp by,  
And instant lowered the deadly gun he half had raised on high,  
And stared apace with wondering gaze, then chuckling turned away —  
Nor once again was he beheld on that illustrious day.

Nigh to a bubbling deer-spring, stretched a prostrate sapling o'er,  
The hunters found the lifeless beast, his hair all stiff with gore.  
With loud hurrahs they hailed the sight, and eager drew around,  
And straight with fresh-cut hickory twigs his sinewy legs they bound:  
A sturdy pole they stuck between, and thus with shout and song,  
On homeward track they bore their spoils triumphantly along.  
Each house they passed poured forth a crowd the grizzly prize to see,  
And all the country echoed with their noisy jubilee.

The train drew up at BLUDGEON's door, where SCROP with whittle keen,  
Soon from the stiffening body trimmed the *varmint's* shaggy skin;  
And next, to gain the wondrous fat for magic virtues known,  
CHUNK carved the carcass breast and back, and shaved the flesh from bone.  
BLUDGEON into a roasting-pan the chosen morsels stored;  
PAT fed the fires, and in a horn the precious extract poured.  
Meanwhile upon the jaw-bones BOLT his anxious labor spent —  
The jaw-bones rich with charms against all sorcerous devilment.  
No amulet has e'er been known to match the wolf-tooth's might;  
Mad dogs and snakes will fly the man who holds it up to sight:  
Not e'en the horse-shoe, tempered thrice and pierced with cross-head nail,  
Can so o'er all the spells and rage of evil powers prevail.  
BOLT quarried out the ivory horde, and, on a shoe-latch strung,  
Beneath his vest around his neck the potent trophy hung.

JACK SPLINTER was a jovial soul who loved his dog and gun,  
And led the tune in any kind of rough-and-tumble fun :  
But now he sat before his door with dark and moody brow,  
And oft he ripped an oath aloud and oft he muttered low.  
A fortnight since, while scouting out before the break of day,  
A vagrant fox had lured his best and bravest dog away ;  
To-day his three young hounds had tracked and brought a bear to stand ;  
The rascal beast had fought for life, and whipped them all off-hand.  
Blithe JACK was sore distressed at heart, and vexed with adverse luck ;  
The bear he cursed for standing fight, the hounds for want of pluck.  
Much he bemoaned his JOWLER's loss — the dog without a peer !  
'Had but his tail been there,' he vowed 'the bear would now be here!'

Just then before him DORNUCK stood, and thus in greeting cried :  
'News, Jolly JACK ! a wolf's been shot, and BLUDGEON has his hide !  
A famous beast, with brindled hair, and ears a-slouchin' o'er :  
I saw the critter pass and thought I seed him once afore.  
Now let your JOWLER wag his tail — a wolf's a wolf ye know ;  
If you would spear a curious sight, straight down to BLUDGEON's go.'  
There was a cunning twinkle in the hardy hunter's eye,  
And SPLINTER felt its secret hint and reckoned mischief nigh.  
He started up, and from his stall his fleetest nag he led,  
The saddle strode, and down the road in furious gallop sped ;  
Sped on around the saw-mill dam and through Swatara's flood,  
Nor stopped until at BLUDGEON's door his panting sorrel stood.  
Then down he sprang with reckless haste, and rushed into the hall,  
Where like a gallant trophy scowled the wolf-hide on the wall.  
Around an oaken table broad the doughty hunters sat,  
A-drinking punch, and singing songs, and holding merry chat ;  
But as before them JACK appeared, they sudden all grew still,  
For by his cheek and by his eye they guessed he came for ill.  
All heedless, SPLINTER crossed the hall with large, impetuous stride,  
And fixed his gleaming eye direct upon the brindled hide.  
'Now by the living powers !' he roared, and furious turned around,  
'You'll pay for this ! ye mole-eyed skunks ! and dearly, I'll be bound !  
I thought as much, but oh ! great snakes ! to find it all come true !  
You'll pay, my boys ! or, by my boots ! I'll lam ye black and blue !'  
'Pay what ?' cried SCROP ; 'I guess you're mad ! That skin belongs to us :  
What's ours by right, we'll hold fast tight, in spite of all your fuss ;  
That skin 's the wolf's we killed —' 'The wolf's !' the wrothy SPLINTER cried,  
'The wolf's ! — as though I did n't know my poor lost Jowler's hide !'

They took the hide of JOWLER down, and cast it on the fire ;  
Ten dollars, and a soothing punch, appeased JACK SPLINTER's ire.  
The hapless BULRUSH from his neck removed his grinning trust,  
And with a rusty hammer beat the amulet to dust :  
While in the silent hour of night forth stole the sober PAT,  
And far into the saw-mill dam he pitched the horn and fat.

## C H E E R F U L N E S S .

'To giudicherei ottimamente fatto che noi, si come noi siamo, quella festa, quella allegrezza, quello piacere che noi potessimo, prendessimo.'\*

I SHOULD think it best for us that, as we are, we take such enjoyment, such merriment, such pleasure as we can. Such is the sentiment which Boccaccio puts in the mouth of the fair Pampinea, speaking amid the horrors of plague-stricken Florence. If her six gay companions accepted it as wise and practical, how much more does it commend itself to us now and here.

We live in a world pronounced good when made, and if it have deteriorated somewhat because of the hard usage we have since put it to, still it is very far from being the dull prison-house that well-meaning but mistaken ascetism and devout dyspepsia would represent it. The morning stars sang together in solemn gladness over the finished work. Still the sun shines down upon it, and the ripe harvests and meadows gay with flowers, return the smile, while through them run the laughing brooks, and the leaves, kissed by the toying winds, 'clap their little hands in glee.' While not complaining of, or shutting our minds to, the lessons taught by stormy skies and scowling heavens, we shall not then do unwisely to improve the holy sunshiny days; to seize all passing occasions of enjoyment, thankfully making the most of them. These occasions, if we will but be on the outlook for them, are not at all rare. Close by the thorn that wounds, oftenest grows heart's ease that cures, which it were better to pluck and apply than to dolefully count the slow drops of blood; where the path is steepest and roughest, thence, if we will look up, we may catch glimpses of a fairer promised land; bright threads of hope are shot through the very pall of sorrow; the rainbow is painted on the storm itself. Little joys enlarge by close observation as little sorrows do; held near enough, will quite overshadow these last. Use it thriftily, and you find that

'ONE loving houre  
For many years of sorrow can dispense:  
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.'

As Richter happily illustrates when treating of the little pleasures: 'Let the gnats upon the wall amuse as well as irritate you.'

Far be from me the folly of an unbecoming levity on the occasions of seriousness that life so often furnishes. A tear for the departed friend; mindful consideration for the feeling of others mourning the loss of one, when they go like one in the dark, vainly groping for some support; solemnity in Gon's house, though it be but for form's sake in

\* *Il Decamerone, Giornata Prima.*

want of a better motive. But in general, though life is a battle, yet shall we give none the less lusty strokes if we march singing to the conflict; if we make merry around the home camp-fire when the journal strife is ended. By the good gifts of memory, perception, and anticipation, our mysterious being is multiplied as it were three-fold. This is not a strikingly novel proposition, but I must think an intelligent recognition of it would be as good as new to some who make the common confusion of long familiarity with knowledge. For they are forever playing the sexton to the joys of the past instead of leaving it to bury its own dead; or their anticipations are overhung with weeping-willows, or the image of death is attendant physician to their sickly pleasures; with them the present is but a standing-point whence they look back with regret and forward with dread; and they tremble to feel their foothold slide from under them; as in German etymology, the *gifts* are become poisons. But really, this present is a free space in which to cherish grateful recollections, to enjoy matured fruitions, to hope for better things. It is of no good, selfish or absolute, to mourn lost friends always. The affections that rested on them may turn to others. Surely they are still to be remembered, but rather for the long time of their lives than in the moment of their deaths; rather by what was gained, and is still held from them, than by what was lost in them. Let their images be set up forever in the memory, but do not for that turn memory into a graveyard. If, as poets sing, they may still be about us, our prolonged sadness cannot add to their spirit's peace. Shall I let pass the good things of this world that with such zest we were used to share together, because thou, dear friend, art gone to a better? Perhaps very long sorrow at our loss is not the finest tribute of friendship. A sympathy with others in their affliction has stood always in high repute, is always commended and recommended. But there are sympathies of all kinds. If I weep with those that weep, shall I not rejoice with those that rejoice? and so, adding to the amount and prolonging the season of my neighbor's entertainment, help my own digestion the while.

A notion prevails that there is an antagonism between gayety and religion or wisdom. For this notion's prevalence we have partly to thank those dear old Puritan grim-wigs of blessed memory. They indeed had small cause for merriment in this world; their cast-ironness of nature was, in their circumstances, desirable, and remains admirable. But my dear Sir, or Madam, why should you, surrounded with all physical comforts, take the matter so gravely? Bearing in mind that we are weak and evil — and looking as sour as verjuice, does not strengthen or sanctify us — we should be awed and humbled; but again, bearing in mind that, although we are weak and evil, there are ways

provided, we should be right wisely glad. Surely our religion has its bright as well as its dark side; more pity that any good men should wrong themselves and prejudice others against a cause they would recommend, by acting the part of those 'fools' of whom Fuller speaks, 'who to persuade men that angels lodged in their hearts, hung a devil for a sign in their faces,' who seem to walk the heavenly road, as it were, backward, their eyes and imaginations forever turned on the other place. Such should remember that worthy Mr. Perkins mentioned by the same author, 'who would pronounce the word damn with such an emphasis as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears for a good while after;' yet mark; 'on the least acquaintance he was merry and very familiar.' Clergymen in the pulpit — out of it, so far as my small but valued acquaintance extends in that direction, they are as hilarious a class of men as any other — are expected always to be grave; I do not comprehend why. The solemnity of most of the topics on which they treat demands, of course, solemnity of manner; still,

— 'quanquam ridentem dicere verum  
Quid vetat?'

The D.D.s might sometimes be *blandi Doctores* without desecrating their office; they would rather strengthen their proper influence by occasionally giving *crustula* of humor and wit to their hearers. Wit and humor have been the most potent arms directed against Christianity by its comparatively weak assailants; why not direct them in return against the adversary? As has been said, the devil ought not to have all the best tunes. Little sins will fly before ridicule that strut defiance to grave denunciation; stern reproof, too disproportioned to the offence, overshoots its mark, where the lighter shaft of satire strikes home. But I wander from my province. The conscientious clergyman exposed, in his unresting, laborious profession, to the most unreasonable criticism from an audience differing in its wants, tastes, judgments, has enough already to find fault with him.

Morose noodles are fond of quoting in a snarling way, Goldsmith's line in the 'Deserted Village,' that, following the description of the ale-house, reads:

'Where the loud laugh bespeaks the vacant mind.'

They give it an application that the good-natured man never dreamed of, and would not thank them for suggesting. Supposing what they would imply were true, that laughter does betoken an habitually vacant mind. This entire emptiness were better than the perennial dolefulness of the Misses and Messrs. Wickhams, which indicates a stock of harmful rubbish in the head, whence exhale bad humors that smother and begloom intellect and sensibilities; wherein are gener-

ated crotchets, maggots, whims, conceits, all peevish, carking, baleful. Nothing is more beneficial to the mental powers than to grant them an occasional vacation, relax the over-tension, restore the elasticity and reinvigorate them for new exertion; and nothing so well brings about all these desirable ends as a good thorough-going laugh. It reaches to all parts, body, soul, and intellect. Firstly, it promotes digestion, and, as a consequence, internal peace. It is Bacon, I think, who says that rebellions of the stomach are the worst in their kind. This organ, by the way, has more to do with the morals of half the world than their consciences, as I intend showing in a future essay. To return to the laugh. What Burton says of the effects of sleep may be said of it, for it does, as it were, 'moysten and fatten the body;' he instances the good case in which dormice awaken from their long hybernation; I adduce the waists of most merry men. Then it shakes out the wrinkles from the heart, leaving no crannies for corroding anxiety and malice and all uncharitableness to cling in; blue devils scamper away before it; it dispels the fogs that hang over the intellect, as Jove's thunder purifies the atmosphere, leaving perception and judgment clear. In fine, as one says who speaks with authority, having laughed much himself, and been the cause of much laughter in others, who bearing his many trials not patiently but jestingly snapped his fingers at what others would have groaned over; as Hood says, 'it expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and 'like a trumpet makes the spirits dance.'

'THERE are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit.'

And sometimes they do obtain such a garment as they desire. I think that this kind of people could not indeed do better — verily, speaking would be their undoing. This appearance, as if they were like that owl we read of, which 'kept up a devil of a thinking,' is rather a narrow base for a reputation to rest on; its steady, perpendicular maintenance is excusable. But it is still the truth that Trophonius' cave is no temple of wisdom in any kind; gravity no necessary sign, test or product of it. Here come willing witnesses to support the proposition. There is Democritus, the Bacon of antiquity, a constant laughter among the foolish Abderites. Socrates, though deformity and a shrew were against him, was any thing rather than a gloomy man. Martin Luther played softly on his flute, and drank his glass, and blithely sang:

'Who loves not women, wine, and song,  
Liveth a fool his whole life long.'



nor ever dishonored his notes. Cromwell loved his bout and jest with his soldiery; no weak men, he nor they. Nay, Milton, the inspired, wrote 'L'Allegro' almost not inferior to his greater poem. Wisdom may dress in motley as well as in black. Rabelais, Richter, Sterne, are sound moralists in their way, as sound as though they were quite unreadably dull; and I will add Swift, although he was diseasedly cross and dirty sometimes; and Boccaccio, who gives me my text, as he has given me many other things, directly or remodelled by other poets, although sometimes he grows somewhat too gay for innocence. Note, the purest innocence does not always blush the reddest. The truest piety is not the most acid. The ripest learning is not the dull-est. The highest wisdom is not the coldest. Grapes and turtles; harps and viols; fair forms and faces; the blessed sun and summer breezes; what were taste, and hearing, and sight, and the sense of touch but for these, and these for us? I should think it best then for us, as we are, to take such enjoyment, such merriment, such pleasure as we can.

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STANZAS: 'ALONE.'

No hand doth pluck for me the golden flowers,  
 Since thou art gone, my noble lord: alone  
 I count the going of the slow-paced hours,  
 And still do hope, though my sweet hope is flown.

Adown the path no foot but mine doth brush  
 The early dew from off the lush, rank grass:  
 Within the flowering peach, the tawny thrush  
 Doth break the air with music, as I pass.

And all the golden joys of other times  
 Come back in the still hushes of his song:  
 I hear again your voice repeat the rhymes,  
 The graceful rhymes that to those days belong.

And in my pain, I shriek your name aloud:  
 I cry: why did you go, my love, my lord?  
 Why should you stay, O man, so brave and proud?  
 Grown strange and cold at one reproving word.

Come back, my love: all that you ask I give,  
 From red-mouthed kisses rained upon your eyes,  
 To endless faith, if I may only live  
 In the sweet bliss your presence now denies.

A. K. B.

Watertown, (N. Y.,) Jan. 1860.

## KING ROLF: A DREAM OF A WINTER'S NIGHT.

## III.

## THE NORTH FIRES.

HARDLY had my Lord Yarl, Mercury of curling toes whizzing on a sharp parabola, shot from the gateway of the north building, charged with business of state by the bureau of Home Affairs, before Rolf the King, purposing a gallop across the country, called for his horses and sledge. Between the commands of this rough-and-ready potentate and their performance, there was seldom a long interval, and the royal equipage therefore awaited its master in a period which would appear incredibly brief to the first Lord of the Buckles and his top-booted ministry in the stables of her Majesty of Great Britain and Ireland. The horses were white, as if sprung from the snow-drifts, matchless for limb and outline, and wild as though born of the storm. There were six of them strung loosely to the sledge like a leash of leopards, plunging furiously, and flinging their heads high aloft, notwithstanding two sturdy grooms hung on each bit.

The King sprang into the sledge, and gathered the reins into one hand. 'Let go, you rogues!' he cried, bringing his lash down thrice with all his might indiscriminately over the flanks of horses and hostlers; 'Let go, will you?' The steeds leaped into the air in dreadful rage, dashed the grooms under their feet, bounded forward, jerked the sledge over the prostrate hostlers, and tore out of the castle like sons of the whirl-wind, the long lash of the King, merciless Norse Jehu that he was, describing fearful circles over his head.

Still hung the moon in the mid-heaven, and still the great northern stars shone gloriously in the deeps of darkness. The watchman on the tower of the King's gate stood looking at the awful brilliance of those orbs, and in his heart did reverence to them, the champions that girt themselves with fire and confronted with serene guardianship the evil ones, enemies of men, that have their abode in the outer blackness of darkness. The King's horses thundered through the portal and roused the watchman from his musing. 'King Rolf is loose,' he said, 'and drives toward the Gulf of the North Fires. All the north-land will be awakened, and high time for it too.'

Away, away, flew the horses of the King. Winged lions were they for speed and fierceness, 'swallowing the ground' in wrath. Far over the plain they sped like a scud of drifting snow, driven by the fiercest gust of winter, and the charioteer — Jehu Barbarossa that he was — standing in the sledge, whirled his lash and shouted as if he were a demon from the infernal hippodrome. The Forest of Firs

skirted the plain in the direction which the coursers took, and the equipage, plunging into that vast wilderness, was lost to the view of the watchman. Many a league the white lions rushed through the lanes that traversed the sombre wood. Foresters in the glades doffed their shaggy caps; deer sprang from their path-way in affright, boars burst from the thickets and ran snorting into deeper recesses, and black bears of enormous girth sat grinning and growling by the way-side, but lost sight of the apparition before any definite course of action had been decided upon in their ursine brains.

Emerging from a forest, the King reined up his steeds for a moment. A steep iced slope was before him, descending to a valley. In the valley was a river. The stream was frozen at the foot of the slope, but a mile above a cataract was visible where a tributary torrent issuing from the forest delivered its waters into the broken bed of the river through a gulf, frightful with rocks and ice. Perhaps half that distance below the bed of the main stream itself sank, and one standing where the King's steeds halted, looked off over the brink of a second cataract into an abyss, hideous with its heaps of stranded ice, while the iron walls of a mountain rose sheer into the air on one side, and precipices, to the very verge of which the fir-forest crowded its giant timber, overhung the other. The mountain opposite and above the King was of a dark and forbidding appearance, and extended in a curve with the white floor of the river at its base, till at the point where the eye's tangent touched its circumference, the inclosing wings of the forest seemed to cross the river and join the mountain's side.

The royal charioteer paused but a moment, and then the steeds ran headlong down the slope and crossed the river diagonally to the very corner of the lower and greater cataract. Here a precarious road-way was disclosed in the side of the mountain. Nothing doubting, the horses galloped down the slippery path, finding perhaps their only safety in the very madness of their speed. In a moment they stood at the bottom of the abyss, with the frightful Arctic Niagara thundering about their hoofs. Silently towered the iron wall of the mountain above their heads. But on the opposite side a crag, not smaller than one of the old world's ancient cathedrals, pierced by the wedge of the frost, broke in a seeming agony from the cliffs, and in one bound plunged to the watery abyss with all its load of growing timber, churning the deep as though the chasm were a cistern.

Once at the bottom of the ravine, the King saw, what before was not apparent, a narrow pass opening in the mountain, and into this the steeds turned. It was a deep, winding gorge. But the horses rushed through the defile as furiously as before, whirled the sledge

around the arching precipices, and suddenly sprang into a vast, open space. The monarch drew the reins with all his might, but did not check the headlong course of the horses till they stood on the very brink of a chasm of appalling obscurity, to which no bottom could be seen. Then they started back in affright, and Rolf, rough Jehu that he was, leaped from his sledge into the midst of them, and laid about him with both hands, cuffing and boxing till he fairly tumbled the whole six heels-over-head backward from the gulf. He then stood for a moment, as if to survey the place which he had so abruptly entered. It seemed at first sight a portion of a vast, obscure amphitheatre, inclosing a gulf. One would instinctively cast his eyes over the chasm at the first to catch the outlines of the opposite wall, if any there were, but vision failed to pierce the shadows which overhung that fearful pit. He might believe himself standing on the coast of the universe, with the illimitable Blackness of Darkness before him. Just at hand, it is true, were walls of stupendous magnitude, with their curve visible for many leagues, sweeping around as if to inclose the chasm with a rim; but being presently lost in the darkness, it could not be known whether the circuit was completed.

Horrible was the gulf for its blackness and unimaginable depth. It seemed the very shaft of hell, for truly the mouth of the infernal mines could not be blacker or wider or deeper. One leaping from the wall, except above the platform or gallery upon which the visitant and his horses stood, would fall plumb down — down — whither?

There was something passing strange about the obscurity which prevailed in the space. In the world without, it was high Arctic noon-day, the moon broad and wealthy, and the stars shining with clear brilliance. But the orb which without hung from the top of the sky and lighted the whole North with its white lamp, here was seen betwixt two pinnacles of the mountains, a dead, heavy globe, almost lustreless. There were no stars above the gulf, or beyond it. It seemed almost as though a trunk of darkness rose from it to the sky. One entering this fearful place would look to see the prince of fallen angels standing on the brink of the gallery, and spreading wide his vans, before he dropped his mighty bulk into that throat of hell.

King Rolf blew a loud blast upon his trumpet. The sound ran along the wall, but of the thousand echoes which the cliffs returned, none came from beyond the gulf. Thereupon, there arose from below, one of aged yet almost fierce aspect, wearing a robe and girdle, and bearing in his hand a rod.

‘Hail! Old Fire-master,’ the King said.

‘I heard thy horn, Rolf of Northall,’ the other said, ‘and therefore I have arisen.’

'You would have heard it, old wizard, if you had been in your coffin,' said the King. 'By all the gods! I can rouse the graveyards with it if I will.'

'King Rolf,' the Master of the Northfires said, 'thou shouldst have heard Thor of Valhall when he stood here long ago and blew his wooden horn. Such a blast as the Norse god then blew, the world never heard before. Yonder cliff was rent from top to bottom.'

'Who is mightier than Thor of Valhall?' the King said.

'Yet the world will one day hear a more dreadful blast, King Rolf, at the which even the great Thor in far-off Valhall will start for wonder! Where got you your horses, Rolf?'

'Snow-born! storm-born! old Fire-master!' the monarch said, 'and they almost galloped into your cursed pit. They raced through that crooked pass as though they were mad. I did barely rein them in on the gulf's brink; a yard further, and I would have gone down to thee bodily.'

'Well was it for thee, King Rolf,' cried the wizard, 'well was it for thee that thou didst not. None less than the King of high Valhall can know the secrets of that gulf. Full well I know that the princes of your race never die, but that when the messenger from that far country brings them the silver lash, then they drive their horses across the gods' bridge straight to the halls of heaven, but not even to them is it permitted to behold the depths of this pit. A thousand years ago, Harold, the son of Biorn, ruled the north, and he held revels in the north building with all his lords. And in the midst he arose and said: 'By all gods and devils! I will go down into the Gulf of the Northfires this night. Let him who dares follow me!' So saying, he sprang into his sledge, and a hundred of his lords took their horses and followed him. I stood here and heard them coming through the pass. They rode by me swifter than the whirlwind, and leaped into the gulf, shouting and blowing horns. 'Go down to your damnation; ye fools!' I said. No eye above the earth has seen them since that night, King Rolf. Only the princes of the north heavens and I, the Master of the Northfires, know what has befallen Harold and his lords. What would you have of me to-night, Rolf?'

'Fire! fire! ancient master,' the King said; 'fire to be remembered as long as the flood; to frighten the living, disturb the dead; till the whole earth shall believe that hell is bursting his prison, the day of wrath dawning, the damned in rebellion. Burn up the whole night, old wizard; I would have you make the sphere a hollow furnace till the moon drips like melting iron. Empty your cursed gulf of every thing in it — fire-devils, whatsoever you keep at the bottom there. Good master, you have never denied me all I asked of you. Fail me not to-night.'

The Master of the Northfires said nothing, but threw his rod into the gulf. Thereupon, in the depths was heard a distant sound, as of a strange barbaric music. Suddenly a flame, thin and straight as a sword, shot up from the chasm, glanced high in air, and vanished. For an instant all was dark, and only the sound of music was heard far below. Then a score of flames like the first shot up, pierced the mid-heavens and vanished. The sounds below waxed louder and louder. They seemed like the clanging of cymbals when the gate of some barbaric city opens and an army rushes forth.

‘Gods of all Heaven!’ cried the King, ‘what is this?’ The whole vast throat of the gulf glowed like a furnace seven times heated. The mountain walls round about the King were as lurid from a mass of electric flame, which thus gave warning of its uprising from the chasm, as the very battlements around the city of Dis. Swiftly the dreadful volume rose and erected itself in one tremendous trunk, high, high in air, even to the summit of the sky, and seemed like a red pillar supporting the roof of night. For a few moments the column stood unmoved; then, as if by some terrific inner force, it was burst asunder. Vast sheets of flame spread to the right and left, and swayed like curtains. Millions of arrows were scattered through the heavens, and balls of the subtle fluid flew off to the zenith of kingdoms in the south and canopied their capitals with crimson. Then from the uttermost quarter of the sky the flames returned, gathered themselves together, and once more the stupendous red pillar supported the black dome of night.

Once more the column was rent, and lo! vast arches of fire were thrown off as if to bridge the gulf of unimaginable blackness. Far stretched the courses of red piers, and awful to behold, beyond this mighty fire-way a portal loomed up, all flaming with light. Towers of glowing bronze guarded the gateway, and immense, interminable as the Andes, those dull-burning walls that engird the empire of Lucifer swept from the right and left of the portal, till lost in the regions of immensity.

Behold! the city vomited the hosts within it. Armies rushed forth upon the bridge; multitudes innumerable as the sands of the sea; horsemen swifter than eagles; chariots rolling as clouds before the storm. Emperors, and captains, and mighty men stood erect in their cars, while archers bending their bows shot arrows afar, that glimmered among the stars of the southern skies.

And then a gleam of the keenest and deadliest lightning tore through the vision. All was destroyed with unutterable destruction. The bridge brake into myriad fragments, and all the multitudes, with the men of might and the horsemen, fell into the abyss with ruin too terrible to look upon. The interminable, dull-burning walls wavered



as a flag stirred by the wind, and slowly floated away. With the portal still glowing, and the flanking battlements waving wing-like on either side, it seemed like some infernal bird flying over the abyss beyond the universe.

The soul of the ancient Fire-master exulted in the spectacle. He raised his arms and cried out in an unknown tongue in his fierceness. 'Seest thou the people of the Gulf, King Rolf?' at length he cried. The King looked, and lo! thousands of elfs were sporting in the flames. They were hardly distinguishable from the flames in which they were playing. Clinging to the gleams like sailors to a ship's cordage they rode up to the sky, then dove into the gulf, ascended again on huge bubbles like balloons, and when the globes burst in the air, away they shot, to Canada or the Hebrides on the splinters.

'Will you go up, King Rolf?' the Wizard said.

'I will,' the doughty monarch replied.

'Lay hold of my girdle, then,' said the Master of the Northfires.

The King did as he was bidden. The Master stepped into the flames, and the two rose skyward. And as they rose, the wizard cried out to the red spirits like a sea-captain to his ship-boys: 'Wake up, ye sleepy villains! Do you call this good service? You are duller than slugs, and as clumsy as the babes of the she-bear. Fly, fly, ye flame-born. Shoot skyward, eastward, westward; hang my fires from the moon; fling a net around the bear; burn up the world. There are my live red boys once more; shake out more canvas aloft there. Lively, my lads! Ho! ye mutineers, reef yonder red sheet; it flaps like a merchantman's sail in a monsoon. Here we are, King Rolf, with the world underfoot. Behold kingdoms, isles, cities, the ocean.'

The King saw beneath him his own realm and the whole northern region with its ice and snow. Far in the south were the great lakes and forests of dark hue and ranges of mountains. There was the open ocean. Ships were going to-and-fro upon it, both vessels that spread sails to the wind, and steamships that left black trains of smoke, and clove with bullying prow the winter's surges. There too were his own icebergs innumerable, standing southward in a huge armada.

People stood in the streets of cities on the ocean's shore, looking at the red north. Mariners on the decks of their vessels, and mountaineers in the doors of their cabins watched the lurid spectacle. Sentinels pacing the walls of old fortified towns muttered of wars and drums, and prisoners at the grates of castle-windows, seeing the sky all a-blaze, cried out that surely Heaven gave to men a sign that vengeance awaited rulers for murder and falsehood, and would no longer tarry. Yea, verily, in yonder brother-world rushing on its course like

a ship driven by tide and tempest, did not men looking off over the ocean of night behold these terrible flames, and think that some fellow-orb wandering in the same black seas was wrapped in conflagration, as when seamen clinging to the cordage of their ships by night watch with fear and horror some mighty steamer enveloped in flames ere it goes down into the belly of the abyss?

And dreams and visions came upon all men sleeping. They entered lonely cabins in the wilderness; they invaded cities and ships on the sea; they walked through palaces and camps; they even pranked in the brains of animals, for chargers in the stables sprang as though the trumpet sounded, and hounds bounded from their kennels in terror. Men saw seas rising from their basins; wars raging in the sky; the firmament rent in twain. Kings guilty of the blood of martyrs cried out in their sleep when they sank with all their hosts into chasms which also swallowed up their fleets and blood-bespattered capitals; or perhaps they saw armed men breaking into their chambers, gigantic of stature, and dreadful of visage as the myrmidons of Lucifer, so that they fell on their faces in affright.

‘By all the gods, old Fire-master,’ the King said, ‘earth never saw such a sight as this before!’

‘One day it will see a greater, King Rolf,’ the Master said.

## IV.

## ROLF'S DAGGER.

How Herr Yarl, the terrible and tremendous Goblin, was delivered from the cavern of the winds, is a matter which the historian need not trouble himself to relate. It is sufficient for me to assure the student of history that the Viceroy of Labrador was duly delivered from that cavity. If any body is still incredulous after this solemn assurance, and surmises that to get rid of a mischievous varlet, we have abandoned him in the bowels of the earth, here comes the illustrious gentleman himself to put all skepticism to silence. The scene of his reappearance is on a sea-coast. The Goblin leaps from the Ancient Mariner's canoe to the shore, and cries: ‘Pass around, Old Pilot, to the Dane's cove, and wait for me.’ Yes, 't is he, there can be no mistake about it, and it is gratifying to see that he has been nowise damaged by his late misfortunes, but on the contrary has come forth like gold from the refiner's furnace, and is eminently ‘on hand.’

The Pilot turned the prow of his canoe, and the Messenger ran swiftly up into the land. It was a snowy, silent land, and the Goblin on his silver skates ran into a region of wild mountains. A silent land indeed was it. The moon's light rested on long, white peaks, and on ramparts of heaped-up snow, and no living creature was there to disturb the quiet of the solitude. How do the bright skates of the

Arctic Mercury twinkle; how do the fringes of his jacket clink; how do his sturdy legs buzz like the spokes of a chariot-wheel as he shoots down the gleaming glaciers or darts along the frozen floors of the gorges.

‘Where can my Lord Dukes have gone with their noisy rabble?’ he muttered more than once as he glanced into the ravines or paused an instant on some pinnacle to look around him. ‘Ah! here they are,’ he cried, darting from a defile into a hollow inclosed by tremendous mountains. And truly there were the tough-sided Dukes of Greenland romping with their whole households. Such an extravagant revel neither man nor Kobold has often seen. Some of my Lords, with their henchmen, and butlers, and retainers of every degree clambered to the icy summits and slid down to the bottom of the hollow on sleds or snow-shoes, bounding over the cliffs, and darting far down the opposite defiles like arrows. Others loosened avalanches, and sent them thundering down the declivities to bury their comrades below; and others in imitation of the daring sliders, bore pine trees on their sturdy shoulders to the summits, and there a crowd of them sitting on the rude raft, rushed down with a roar and a crash, dashing their float to pieces, while they themselves pitched headlong into the gorges all in a promiscuous heap. It was a merry scene indeed, to see these Greenland varlets shouting on the crags, or floundering under the avalanches, or riding from the summits on their great rafts, all shouting with the might of their lusty lungs.

The Messenger’s whistle rang wild and shrill in the frosty moonlight. The romping populace paused in the midst of their sports. Again Goblin Yarl sounded his whistle. Thereat the whole multitude came tumbling from the precipices as fowls flutter down from their perches when the ruddy farm-maiden enters their dormitory with unexpected crumbs.

‘To Northall! to Northall! O skating Lords and red-faced rabble!’ cried the Messenger, as the crowd gathered around him with their fierce Norse faces glowing from exercise. ‘Off to Northall, my Lord Dukes. Behold Rolf’s dagger.’ The rabble raised a great shout and set off on a run down the defile. The swift Goblin continued on his course.

He ran up the glaciers to the peaks above the hollow. Afar off he saw the black ocean. He came to a precipice by the sea-shore. Here he found another congregation of sturdy dukes and tumultuous retainers. They tore up huge boulders and rolled them over the precipice, and they cracked icy crags from the cliffs, and looked over to see them splash the water. ‘To Northall, to Northall, stout dukes. Behold Rolf’s dagger,’ the Messenger cried. And these also raised a great shout and ran toward the King’s castle.

Below the cliffs was the Dane's cove ; a dark tarn walled by precipices. Here sat the Ancient Mariner in his skiff beside a great whale.

'Oh !' cried the Goblin, 'what gay youngster is this talking delusion to the fair niece of a bottle-nosed whale? Fie! fie! Old Pilot, to whisper compliments in the ear of a maiden whale! Fair fish, I kiss my hand to you.'

'Get in, ape,' said the Old Pilot, and Master Yarl sprang into his old quarters in the canoe.

The Mariner whisked deftly his paddle and the skiff darted over the ocean swifter than the sea-fowl which flies close to the surface of the water, and now dips a wing into the wave and now buries his breast in some billow's foaming top. They passed unwieldy icebergs that heaved heavily in the waters, while their crystal pinnacles flashed in the moonlight. They rode through schools of spouting fishes and bounded over the breakers that roared among reefs in the mid-ocean.

At length the voyagers saw before them an island, a low, bare, white island. There was on it a city. It was a strange, quaint city. Antique walls studded with queer turrets surrounded it, and at the angles stood sturdy, obstinate towers, looking like pikemen of the low countries standing sentries after having partaken of extra rations. Behind the walls could be seen the pointed gables of the citizens' houses, and high above all rose the roofs of a strange old town-house and the High Burgomaster's mansion.

'Borgoland is yonder, Master Yarl,' said the Pilot.

'I see,' the Messenger replied. 'And there are the burgers, too, up to their girdles in the water. Faith, Old Pilot, we have happened here in a bad season. The fish have come to the shoals, and whether the choleric townsmen will not drive a harpoon into me for interrupting them, is more than I can say.'

Truly it was an odd spectacle which the voyagers beheld as they approached the shore. The water for a league from the beach was shallow, intersected with channels of deep water. A large herd of whales had become entangled in these shoals, and were floundering about and spouting, and flounced from the shoals into the channels, and from the channels to the shoals, in the most frantic confusion. The town had poured forth its entire population to make war on the huge fishes. Men short of stature, but astonishingly thick and square, waded out into the midst of the herd, drove harpoons into the backs of the whales and dragged them to the shore despite their struggles. The strength of these short broad men was absolutely amazing. Each one dragged his game to the beach, laid hold of its jaws, slung it on his own back, and stooping forward, actually walked up to the city-gate with his gigantic prey, the fish's belly being upward, its tail dragging on the ground, and itself floundering violently, as if out-

raged by its helpless and ignominious condition. At the city gates Leviathan was slain, and broad women with their kirtles tucked up like prudent housewives, cut him in pieces and boiled him in immense iron pots.

‘Here is old Vongerbrock,’ said the Goblin. ‘See him grapple with that bull-whale. Good! When a bull is to be taken by the horns, or a grampus by the jaws, commend me to old Vongerbrock. See them fight, Pilot. Old Vongerbrock, if the whale is afloat at last that can bruise you at the tenth round, you will be banished from Burgoland. Two to one on the grampus! Who bets on the Burgo-master?’

The canoe was in the midst of the *mêlée*. Close by, a burgher had broken his harpoon, and unwilling to lose his game, had grasped the jaws of the whale. The latter floundered desperately, and burgher and whale rolled in the shoals together. The latter could not rid itself of its enemy. The burgher clung to his game like a bull-dog to the nose of an ox, and by degrees dragged him toward the shore. Unluckily one of the deep channels with which the shoals were intersected lay in their course, and in the heat of the struggle the burgher, forgetting the fact, plunged into it. There the whale had it all his own way, and presently the burgher arose from the water, almost black in the face from strangling, while his antagonist rushed down the channel as if he had just escaped from the Old Harry himself.

The Messenger blew his whistle. At the shrill note the populace stopped in the midst of their labors. The raised harpoon was dropped, the whale fell from the shoulders of the staggering burgher, and the housewives ceased to stir the water in their huge kettles.

‘What do you want with us now, you villain?’ cried a choleric townsman, standing up to his waist in the water. ‘Speak quickly, for you see we are busy.’

‘Doughty burghers of Borgoland,’ the Goblin cried, ‘Rolf, the high and impregnable Prince, desires you to buckle on your cuirasses and broad-swords, and take your pikes and come speedily to the Northall. War, doughty burghers, glorious war is the royal purpose this night.’

‘A tam pretty piziness, a tam pretty piziness,’ cried another choleric townsman, ‘to send for us when there pe a tousand whales in the shoals.’

‘I’ll stick my harpoon into thee, thou fagabond,’ cried another.

‘A tam pretty pizziness, a tam pretty piziness,’ cried others; ‘stick a harpoon through the fakapone.’

The commotion among the fishermen was violent. They swore and strode through the water to the canoe, regardless of the channels into which they plunged in their rage, and the women, no less agitated

‘Business of state, tall Eric.’

‘Ho! ho! Business of state, is it? Let me assure the Ministro Plenipotentiario and Envoy Extraordinary from the North Pole of my distinguished consideration. What did the King put the state on your shoulders for, little gentleman; do n’t it make them ache? Only think, a gentleman a yard high with the whole frigid zone on his back.’

‘Not a bit, tall Eric,’ the Messenger said; ‘I can carry it, ice and all, like a bag of corn.’

‘Bring it to my mill and I’ll *grind* it, ice and all, like a bag of corn,’ said Eric. ‘Gad, you may heave a hundred ice-bergs into that hole yonder, and they will be ground up in a second, so that you can’t find a cob of them: all ground up, Master Whiffwhistle, all ground up. Perhaps you would bring me a grist. Ho! ho! ho! a grist of ice-bergs, ho! ho! ho! I see Kobold Yarl bringing me two bushel of ice-bergs on his back and carrying an extra bag for the bran! Ho! ho! ho!’ and the giant gave a journeyman who stood beside him a thump on the back that would have staggered an elephant, and roared with laughter.

‘I know the miller,’ said Yarl, ‘and he cheats about his tolls. I’ll not bring my grist here.’

‘Yarl,’ said tall Eric, ‘how is your wife? Ho! ho! see him blush. Give my compliments to her ladyship.’

‘I might hurt you with my tomahawk, Eric, and I will unless you beware. I have no wife, as you well know. I’ll tell you my errand. Rolf the King is going to war this night, and he bids his loyal forgermen and smiths get their weapons and follow him.’

‘Good!’ said Eric; ‘I’ll bid the boys get their irons immediately, and we will have some fun.’

‘That is the King’s business, tall Eric,’ the Messenger continued. ‘But furthermore, I have a little business of my own. Do you not remember, O black-bearded man! how I once did for you an errand to a monstrous Jötun, who, for a joke — save me from such jokers — tucked me under his thumb-nail and called me a louse? Did you not promise to make me for that a bell — a golden bell? Where is my bell, tall Eric?’

‘Ho! ho!’ roared tall Eric; ‘a bell! A church-bell would answer for such a gigantic town-crier as thou, I should suppose, or wilt thou have for a toy such a bell as hangs in the Kremlin of Muscovy?’

‘Yes, yes,’ the Kobold replied, ‘a bell! a bell! The bell you promised me, false Eric!’

‘Well, two hundred weight,’ returned the giant, laughing. ‘Go to old Snorro yonder, who sits at the bench, and ask him if perchance he hath a certain bell which I bade him make for a certain large and



ill-favored villain called in the King's proclamation, commanding the taking dead or alive all piratical characters between the height of eight and twelve feet, Yarl, *alias* Herr Yarl, *alias* the Viceroy of Labrador. And be careful, young master, that you speak civilly to the old goldsmith, for he is not in the best of humor at present. Nicholas, the Christmas peddler, a rascally old palavering Dutch Yankee, half-fuddled all the time, was here not long ago to buy stock for the winter, and paid the old man in bad coin.'

The Messenger crossed the cavern to the quarter of the gold and silversmiths, and stood beside the bench of old Snorro. The ancient goldsmith sat on a stool and held by a pair of forceps an exquisite little piece of machinery not bigger than a nut-shell, through some almost invisible aperture of which he was passing a slender hair of wire. Glass-cases and metallic frames, and arches of fanciful color and device rose before his bench, in which were displayed all manner of ornaments of gold and silver, and also toys and miniature engines of wondrous beauty and ingenuity, which it dazzled the eye to behold. 'Ancient Snorro,' said the Goblin modestly. The old man seemed not to hear him. 'Good Snorro,' the Goblin again said, but the old goldsmith did not notice him more than at first. 'Ancient Snorro, where is my little bell,' the Goblin said a third time. No reply. Four, five, six times the Messenger addressed the old artisan. Now, it happened that the latter was engaged in a labor so delicate that he hardly dared to draw his own breath. He was a testy and irritable old smith, and when the Kobold stood at his elbow, speaking never so modestly, it disturbed him. His hand began to tremble! When the sixth 'ancient Snorro' came to his ears, his disturbance of temper became rage. Dashing the toy to the floor, he picked up his stool and sprang with a howl at the startled Goblin. Master Yarl turned, put his hands to the back of his head, shrugged his shoulders and attempted to escape. But the old man was too quick for him. He hurled his stool with amazing fury against the back of the unlucky elf and knocked him a rod. Tall Eric saw the catastrophe and hurried to the rescue. The old man refused to be pacified; was sorry he had n't knocked the whelp's brains out; the whelp ought to be whipped; the whelp should have known better; if he ever got hold of the whelp he would cut his ears off, the little red-headed rascal! But the good-humored giant by degrees restored the ancient goldsmith to his temper, and even prevailed on him to take from his dazzling treasury of trinkets a golden bell, and give it to the eager Goblin.

It was a miracle of a bell; the workmanship was unparalleled. So said the forgers who laid it in the palm of their great hands and eyed it with admiration; so said the moulders, so said Tall Eric him-

self. As for the tone, it was delicious. It was a round bell, and the word 'Yarl' was graven upon it in old Runic letters.

'Get your weapons, boys. We will go have fun to-night with King Rolf,' said Eric to the workmen.

'Hurrah! hurrah!' the black-bearded giants shouted, and ran for their swords and pikes. The Goblin passed out of the cavern and went down to the sea-shore.

'Take me to the fleet, Old Pilot,' said he.

The ancient Mariner's canoe once more darted over the ocean and entered a broad roadstead where the King's fleet was moored; hundreds of noble ice-bergs, all ready to stand out to sea and to 'sweep over the deep' as far as the latitudes of the States. Now the Messenger bore the Royal Admirals no very good will, because one of them not long before tied the mischievous wight to the gangway and gave him a dozen with a rope's end for pushing the pet bear of the ship into the water from the quarter-deck, a fall of some two hundred feet for the poor creature. So, as the skiff wound among the huge bergs, the impudent Goblin hailed them thus: 'Hey, ye big-bellied commodores; hey, ye waddling sea-ducks, come out of your cabins forthwith, you skulkers.' Thereat the indignant admirals appeared on their decks almost bursting with wrath. 'Hear me, d—n your eyes, ye lazy scoundrels!' the Messenger continued. 'Go ye to Northall straightway, or I'll cashier you, you web-footed, ignominious, goose-faced lubbers. Come, start, you gaping ganders, do n't stand there cackling like loons in a shower.' These and numerous other things quite too indelicate for the elegant historian to record, spoke Mercurius Yarl and the skiff darted away, leaving the red faces of the commodores more luminous than lamps.

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THE WOOD-PECKER.

Thou scarlet-crested searcher of old trees!  
 Thou bird of Momus — winged Hyena — say,  
 What seekest thou? thine appetite to please?  
 Or dost thou boast thy quick sagacity?  
 Thou quick-eared antiquary: break a tomb,  
 Then cry, 'Eureka!' — and a worm exhume.

Thy warning tap with fearful cadence falls  
 Upon the silent tenants of each tree;  
 Trembling they lie within their wooden walls,  
 And helpless wait their certain destiny.  
 So we, poor mortals, in our house of clay,  
 DEATH knocks — we hear, and helplessly obey.

T. H. U.

## L A S T   W O R D S .

OPEN the western window, love :

Draw the white drapery aside ;

A fresher zephyr fans my cheek —

Another summer day has died.

A little while, and with the day,

Down DEATH's slant hill-slopes I shall go ;

Alone my untaught feet must tread

The path into the vales below.

Hold me upon your faithful heart,

While dimly shine the coming stars,

And languidly my weary soul

Trembles against its loosened bars.

It will seem strange to see me lie

Silent and voiceless in my rest ;

No sound, no motion — these pale hands

Folded upon no heaving breast.

I wore white rose-buds in my hair,

Only a few short months ago,

At our blest bridal. When I sleep

In death's still quiet, crown me so.

We have been very happy, love :

Were any e'er so blest before ?

Hold me more closely : very soon

You cannot clasp me any more.

I did not think to leave you so,

I hoped to bless you many years :

To bless you with glad hours ; and now

In death I leave you Love's sad tears.

I have so loved you, that I think

God will not part us evermore :

And that a fuller life of love

Awaits us on the starry shore.

Your life will very lonely be,

At first : but you are brave and strong.

I know you will forgive your wife

Where she has wayward been, and wrong.

The flowers I loved will bloom again,

And the great world-heart throb the same :

And soon, how soon will die away

The faintest echoes of my name !

It will not matter. I shall be  
 Where doubt and weariness shall cease :  
 From life's hot tumults safely kept,  
 In the cool shadows of His peace.

How the red clouds fade ! It seemeth strange !  
 And the west wind is growing chill :  
 Kiss me, my darling ! Do not weep  
 A death so painless and so still !

#### E L E C T I N G   A   P O P E .

BARTOLOMMEO ALBERTI CAPPELLARI, reigning as Pope GREGORY XVI., breathed his last on the first of June, 1846. He had filled the papal chair since February, 1830. The Senior Cardinal took charge of affairs until the election of the new Pope. He led the grave College of Cardinals into the death-chamber of the defunct ruler of the Vatican, to make sure by such witnessing, it was really the Pope who lay dead. In their presence the Regent broke the ring, the signal of succession to Peter the fisherman. In the name of the States he set a seal upon all the effects found in the papal apartments. The personal effects of the Pope fell to his retainers. These rushed in to secure the booty. Portions of his garments were sold by his servants to serve as amulets and charms against disease.

The body of the Pope was transported in a litter guarded by obsequious horsemen, rattling along the streets to the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament. There on a grated bier, in full pontifical robes, it was exposed to the populace. The feet protruded through the iron grating, that the crowds of the faithful might kiss the sole of the sacred slippers. For nine days, with changing rites, the funeral obsequies were continued with the utmost pomp and pageantry. For the greater portion of this time the body reposed beneath a colossal mausoleum built after the ethereal type of Florence architecture. All that a church governed by a filial feeling could do, was done to heighten the grandeur and make imposing the solemn ceremonies. Solemn ceremonies performed by the highest dignitaries to secure the repose of the departed soul floated their incense up to heaven. When all this pageantry was over, the body of Gregory was deposited in the plaster sarcophagus just vacated by his successor Pius VIII., and hoisted to a resting-place over the doors of St. Peter's, there to remain until his successor seeking the place for his own dead body shall crowd him from thence into his final tomb.

The Cardinals were now gathered to elect the new Pope. On the

fourteenth of June the procession of Cardinals passed within the doors of St. Sylvester, which closed firmly after them. Assembling in the Pauline chapel, they swore to observe all the rules of the sacred conclave. They then mutely entered the cells prepared for them, and received visits from the agents of almost every civilized government in the world. Accomplished diplomatists strove to influence the election of such persons as would further the ends of their own governments; what bribes, what worldly promises passed there, we may never know. The clock struck the hour when all these visitors must retire. All persons not members of the conclave withdrew. Every avenue but the principal door was walled up. The key of this only door of entrance was held in safe keeping by the marshal of the Holy See. The cells to be occupied by the electors were situated along the corridors of a building prepared for their use. Nine turning boxes served as means of communication with the outer world. Through these the Cardinals received their victuals from their servants, and held communication with visitors. They could hold no communication, however, without witnesses.

All things being in readiness, mass was performed in solemn tones. Cardinal Macchi, who presided, explained the order of the proceedings. The vote of two-thirds was necessary to a choice. Each elector taking his seat, the voting by secret ballot commenced. The Cardinals seated on fifty-two thrones, entered heartily upon their work. At the right of the altar stood a stove in which on each failure the ballots were consumed. The oft-repeated smoke at the chimney-top declared to the multitudes the fact that the voting was still going on.

The most likely candidate was Lambruschini the minister of Gregory XVI. The college expected his election on the first balloting. But it appears there was a secret dread of his Jesuitism, which terrible enginery he held in his insatiate control. A committee had at the commencement been chosen to count the votes. It fell to the lot of Mastai to announce the name on each ballot. Mastai was a devoted bishop, who, not having become corrupted, was a man possessing large humanity. He was almost a radical; this was not then known, however, for he was a quiet man who had won the esteem of many by his natural amiableness.

The electors came forward ten at a time, took ballots, and filling them, sealed them up. Taking this between his thumb and finger, and raising his arm over his head, each one went and kneeled before the altar and pronounced these words, *Testor Christum Dominum qui me judicaturus est mi eligere quem. Secundum Deum judico elegi delere et quod idem in accessu præstabo;* and casting his ballot into the chalice, bowed reverently before the altar, and returned to his

place. When all had voted, the ballots of the five Cardinals who lay sick in their cells were brought in by a committee, and deposited in the same manner.

After the finishing of the first balloting, Mastai began to read the names. Never was there to be opened to a convulsive crowd a more portentous book of fate! Every heart beat tremulously! Mastai called the name of Lambruschini fifteen times, his own name thirteen times: the remainder were scattering. What could this mean? Who were these that had presumed to give Mastai votes? He was the last man who could expect such a favor. A most strange incident now took place. Mastai had hardly pronounced his own name the thirteenth time, when a dove, flying into the high window of the chapel, fluttered around the astonished Cardinal's head. It startled the whole assembly. They took it as a manifestation of Heaven's approval.

The fate of European politics was swinging in the balance. Not lightning from heaven falling upon the head of Lambruschini could have stunned him more than the result of this first ballot. Before this he had had little doubt of his election. He strove to appear calm; he played the amiable to the old men of the college; he strove to catch the signification of the whispers that buzzed around the room. On the second balloting it became his duty to collect the ballots of the sick. He went to the cell of the grum old Cardinal Micara.

'Well, my good deacon,' said Lambruschini, striving to speak in good humor, 'the struggle has begun; can your Eminence see the issue?'

'Well, Eminence,' said the good-humored Micara, as he deposited his vote for Mastai, 'if the good God makes the election, Mastai will be Pope; if the devil mixes himself up with it, it will be either you or I.'

'Ah! very good, very good!' muttered Lambruschini, as he turned away, crushing down his pent-up rage.

The smoke of burning ballots went up to the sight of the people outside as a signal of suspense in the conclave. Reports of all kinds were flying outside. The fire of revolution that burst out in 1848 was already smouldering. The Romans, many of them, were resolved that no tyrant should rule over them. At last a report spread that Cardinal Gizzi, the people's candidate, was elected. A courier flew off to the home of Gizzi with the news. The Cardinal's native city was illuminated. Custom had given, on such an event, the late servants of a new Pope a claim to all his personal property. The servants of Gizzi drank up his wine, and gave a magnificent entertainment. A few hours and another courier brought news of the true state of affairs. The mistake cost Gizzi six thousand dollars, and the first courier came near losing his head.



Three ballotings passed: the hopes of Austria and Lambruschini, which were one, grew dark. The second balloting gave Mastai seventeen votes, Lambruschini thirteen. On the third trial the votes for Mastai ran up to twenty-seven, for Lambruschini down to eleven. The fourth trial opened at three o'clock on the sixteenth. Mastai was at his post pale and sad. What new honor was this that was hovering over him? It was an overwhelming destiny to one who two days before had not even dreamed of this new position of affairs.

He passed the intervals of the ballotings in solemn prayer. What thoughts filled his mind, whether of heaven or of earth, we can never expect to know. The ballots were once more prepared, and for the fourth time thrown into the chalice. The opening began in breathless silence. Mastai read his own name on the first, the second, the third, the fourth, fifth ballots, and thus on to the seventeenth without an interruption. His voice became tremulous; his hand could hardly hold the ballots. He opened the eighteenth, and seeing his own name, he implored the Conclave to release him from the task of reading. This could not be permitted. He read on, until over forty times his own name rang tremulously on the silent walls! Cardinal Macchi came forward and first performed adoration, and bent in allegiance to the new Pope. All others followed. The window fronting the anxious outside crowd was thrown open, and Macchi proclaimed the new Head of the Church. The vacillating crowd joined in acclamation, echoing over Rome Pio Nono — the title of the new Pope.

The ceremonies of coronation came on. The officials of St. Peter's received the Pope at the door of the Cathedral, and preceded him up the nave, chanting '*Tu es Petrus*'—'Thou art PETER.' Fans of peacock-feathers waved before him. Turning toward the concourse, Pius IX. waved his blessing over the people. A light pile of flax was set before him, and as the procession stopped, it blazed up for an instant and sank into ashes. A loud soprano voice chanted: '*Sancte pater sic transit gloria mundi*'—'Holy Father, thus passes the glory of the world.' This ceremony was repeated three times. Each Cardinal advanced and kissed the Pope's foot and hand, and received the kiss of peace.

The crown was placed upon his head. He gave the Papal blessing to his universal Church. The clangor of the bells of Rome, and the booming of artillery, proclaimed the coronation of the new pontiff. Signal guns along the Mediterranean signaling to one another sent out over Italy and the world the news that the Church had received her blessing from her new Bishop.

*Sic transit!* A new POPE reigns!

## T O W E I M A R .

BY E. G. HOLLAND.

Thy lovely banks, most gentle Ilm,  
Whose shaded walks and classic bowers  
Remind me of that golden time  
When Genius, through immortal powers,  
Both taught and sang in forms sublime,  
Hallowing thine every scene:  
I love thee well for what thou art  
No less than what thou once hast been,  
As here in silent groves my heart  
Deep feels thy power itself to win.  
I would thy walks in reverence tread,  
For in them speak the immortal dead.

GERMANIA slumbered deep and long,  
Whilst BRAGA's lyre on willows hung,  
And dry was the polemic lore  
That in her halls of learning rung.  
But lo! from slumber she awoke!  
A soul of fire glowed in her breast;  
In music and in verse she spoke,  
By creed and tyrant unoppressed.  
The world and nature caught the glow  
When GOETHE and when SCHILLER spoke,  
And truths that lay in being's depth  
Their sacred silence freely broke,  
And over the earth the echoes ring  
All clear and sweet as the voice of spring.

Ye Athens of the German realm,  
Where GOETHE, WIELAND, SCHILLER dwelt  
Where KARL AUGUST, in generous pride,  
To high-born genius favors dealt;  
Thy fame is not a warrior's boast  
O'er victims fallen in the fight  
Where moved the fatal conquering host  
With banners gay and helmets bright;  
But flowing from the deathless mind,  
It on the page of truth must be  
Long as the waves obey the wind,  
Long as the Ilm shall seek the sea.  
Thy GOETHE is the king whose reign  
Is bounded not by mount or main.

Still, as into thy past I look,  
A hero rises on my view ;  
A braver ne'er his sceptre took  
Nor e'er his sword in combat drew.  
As o'er the land swept battle's storm,  
Through years of anguish and of woe,  
The Duke of Weimar's valiant form  
Was terror to the vengeful foe.  
The Swedish Monarch strong in arms,  
No nobler ally had than he,  
And long as valor keeps its charms  
Shall BERNARD's name remembered be.  
He battled with a soldier's might,  
His aim, the mind's eternal right.

From morning and from evening skies  
A golden artist have I seen  
In mildness spread his gorgeous dyes  
O'er cloud and spire and hill-top green ;  
In many a shell left by the sea,  
In many a flower in woodland shade,  
In many a hue of birdling free,  
In many a form by passion swayed,  
Did I the unknown painter trace,  
In hope that subtle art to know  
Which e'er the world adorns in grace,  
And makes it an æsthetic show.  
The boon for which I long had prayed  
Seems in thy CRANACH's pictures laid.

We read that powers occult and fine  
Each one unite to things around,  
That in each place we live or move  
An influence falls ; the tree, the ground,  
The house, the way, the mead, the shore,  
Are with our spheres filled evermore.

This truth I feel in WEIMAR's pale,  
Which seems alive with those that were ;  
Their shadows walk at morn and eve,  
Their words are in the balmy air.  
Here GOETHE's stately form appears,  
Here gleam those eyes that ne'er were dim,  
And here, ere morning dries her tears,  
With sun-beam writes her golden hymn.  
In life he seemed the sum of all :  
A tower of strength on every side !  
Too great for parties large or small,  
With Nature as his Spirit's bride.  
When Jove the great man deigns to make  
The whole creation must he take.

He knew the world, its good, its ill,  
The varied mixture of our life,  
The sway of providence and will,  
Each error, virtue, frailty, strife.  
All zones and climates in him met,  
Finding accordant range and space,  
Cold, ardent, distant, social — yet  
Forever true in time and place.  
A temple where the gods oft met,  
Their counsels grave and sports to hold ;  
A dome wherein the stars were set  
In constellations manifold ;  
A mount that cleaved the cloudland wars,  
And seemed to bear the eternal stars.

And like some mystic mountain stream,  
Bright flashing in its grand descent,  
Coming from out the world of dream  
With life and beauty its intent,  
Flowed SCHILLER's song ; or fountain bright,  
Ascending from the inner earth,  
And playing to the orbs of night  
Till day received his golden birth.  
Reverent, pure, ideal, wise,  
Within a sweet and joyous light,  
He bears us to those finer skies  
Where Faith is half dissolved in Sight.  
A poet born, and crowned by art,  
In fancy, thought, and feeling great,  
His empire is the German heart  
O'er which he reigns in royal state.  
Though thrones and sceptres hopeless fall,  
His kingdom shall survive them all.

Farewell to thee ! As a bright gleam  
From out the high and stormless heaven,  
Will I thy scenes in memory keep  
E'en as a dream by spirits given.  
I have thy palace chambers trod,  
And heard the voice of SCHILLER's lute,  
Have seen where passed from earth to God  
His spirit calm and resolute.  
By statues fair in GOETHE's home,  
Which, judging, look on all who pass ;  
Where Italy, Greece, and ancient Rome  
Are each reflected in the glass  
Of purest art ; and by the tombs  
Where rest the two immortal ones,  
Have stood, amid the vaulted glooms  
That here o'erspread APOLLO's sons.

I thought me of the poet-king  
Whose reign ignores the night-bound grave,  
And heard the eternal voices sing  
The praise of heroes truly brave.

Deep calmness, like a spirit, reigns  
Where'er I look, where'er I tread;  
O'er Weimar's rural, verdant plains  
O'er earth and skies its hues are shed.  
I hear the angel of the past  
Declare in accents mild and clear,  
That Weimar shall the ages last  
Because to Genius ever dear;  
That Athens from her grave of Time,  
And Stratford where the Avon flows,  
Shall with the hymn of Epochs chime  
As Change his endless circuit goes.  
Whate'er the place APOLLO owns  
Outlasts the fame of gold-starred thrones.

*Weimar, September, 1859.*

TO C— H—.

DARLING CLARA, how much brighter  
Than the gilded cross and mitre  
Are thy hazel eyes and laughing,  
While thy devotees are quaffing  
At thy shrine, thou little airy,  
Brilliant, dazzling, floating fairy!

Quaffing much, but thirsting often,  
Hoping yet thy heart to soften;  
Listening for the faintest sound  
Of liquid love from depths profound,  
To bless the eager lip and ear,  
Elate with hope, now faint with fear.

CLARA, CLARA! have a care,  
Tempt them not with smiles so fair;  
Love is sweet, is rich and rare:  
Thou mayst need it yet. Beware!  
Love is heavenly in its birth,  
Worship ne'er was meant for earth.

C. J. M.

## [TROUT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.

## CHAPTER ONE.

WHEREIN Y<sup>E</sup> GENTLE READER WILL FIND AN ACCOUNT OF GREAT LUCK IN FYSSHYNGE AMONG Y<sup>E</sup> GREEN MOUNTAINS, TOGETHER WITH SUNDRIE OBSERVATIOUNS BY Y<sup>E</sup> WAY.

TROUT-FISHING in brooks and rivulets, according to my experience, is rather unsatisfactory now-a-days in these parts. Although the population is busy the year round with the main thing, and you would not suppose that many would have time to trifle away in angling, yet in the wildest and remotest spots among the mountains I have found the streams well thrashed and the fish scarce. The melting snows impart to them an icy coldness up the first of June. In July the heat begins to be excessive, the gnats and flies chastise those who go about with a rod in their hands, and the fish are left nearly undisturbed. A few inefficient laws are made for their protection, but nature has left no creatures without defence. Thus, as the poet Anacreon sings, Bees have stings, bulls horns, fretful porcupines have quills, skunks or essence-peddlers, 'liquid-damnation,' but fish, the more ferocious kinds excepted—tender, elegant, refined trouts—what have they? PROVIDENCE has provided them with 'troops of friends.' On the edge of the stream Gad-Fly buzzes about, quite blue, and eager for blood. Captain Gallinipper, his legs encased in pepper-and-salt breeches, marshals his squadrons, who blow their horns, and keep up a great hum in the camp. Corporal Gnat is not to be outdone with his legions.

As the winter, therefore, is so long, the summer so short, and so little of it is available, (only that portion which lieth between corn-planting, and dog-days,) I resolved last year to fish if possible to some purpose, and boast of something better as the result of a day's work, than ten or fifteen little creatures, no larger than sardines; instead of dropping a hook into the ripples and cascades of little streams which run down so fast from the mountains, that they soon run away, to push farther off still into the wilderness, and sometimes try the lake-trout in their profound fastnesses. Listen, then, to a chronicle of piscatorial triumphs, which I am pleased to entitle 'TROUT-BOOK OF THE YEAR.' It is intended to be a diary of excursions made at intervals, in the course of twelve months, among the Green Mountains of Vermont, in case I should think it worth while to fulfil my design and write out my *memoranda*. I am not a professed angler, and indeed have little tact or skill, such as should be possessed by those who write cunsh books, yet I am alive to the genial influences of nature. The

commonest things of life may be interesting, if narrated with simplicity, for

‘NEVER any thing does come amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.’

Without farther apology, I will start off on Journey Number One. It was on a hot and sultry morning in the month of June. ‘There was no breeze upon the fern.’ My obliging friend, George L——, who knows all the roads, by-roads, lanes, and short-cuts for twenty miles round, drove up with a pair of stout farm-colts, while I was sipping a cup of coffee at breakfast, and proposed to carry me some twenty miles up the mountains. I told him that the day was too hot; that we had better keep quiet, and that his horses would drop. His reply was: ‘I think not: *I* shall go.’ Whereupon I resolved to accompany. After a search for old shoes, old clothes, and over-coats—never travel, even in dog-days, without a thick over-coat, for you will want it—having stuffed into a carpet-bag changes of raiment, especially an extra pair of breeches, I was off with my cicerone. In an hour or two, when we had ascended to a much higher level, the air became agreeably cool, and the horses travelled with ease. Some scouts of Major-General Horse-Fly occasionally hung upon their flanks, were snapped off by a dexterous use of the lash, returned to the suction, were pushed off with the whip-handle, came back, inserted their probosces. The fly has perseverance, his only virtue. Hold! I will at any time get out of a carriage to mash one of these creatures flat on a horse’s neck or haunches, where his whisking tail cannot reach. The blue heads of the blood-suckers are as hard as glass beads, and their pumping apparatus is after nature’s most approved model. No Yankee patent can be compared with it. Slap! slap! there fall two bottle-flies; slap! slap! two gad ditto. Wait a moment, until I wash my hands in this way-side rill. Pass on.

A few hundred feet higher up brought us to a ridge whence we looked upon a prospect of wide extent and extreme wildness. We were travelling opposite a high-way just laid out in Vermont by the engineer, called Eagle-Ledge Road. Far down we saw in the forests several small ponds, which looked as black as ink, overshadowed by old hemlocks, but we could not visit them. The last habitation which we approached was a log-hut by the way-side. A little girl, of about twelve years, stood at the door, but shyly retreated. An old woman advanced to the wheels of our wagon, who was loquacious, a bulletin of the wilderness. She said, the man had gone far off to get out logs, I think to ‘Bald Mountain,’ to be away four days; the little gal was left with her to do ‘chores,’ and to be company; she had to take care of the keōw, and feed the pig, and she did n’t like it. ‘For, said I to him,’ said she to me, as he went away, ‘says I to him, come back



's quick 's you kin, and ef he done come back when he said, 'cause he said he would, I 'm goin' to take Lyddy Ann hum, and leave the keöw, 'cause I can't do the work.' More she said, but 'enough said.'

I desired another sight of the little girl; leaped out of the carriage to ask for a cup of water, and approached the hut. She stood barefooted, with a shawl drawn over her head, in the manner of a hood, jauntily, and in a shy, retreating attitude. She was a beautiful child. Her features were delicate and very regular, her complexion was fair, her hair light, her eyes were singularly wild in expression, while their pupils dilated and expanded as if she was out of her wits. She appeared like a frightened fawn on the edge of a thicket:

— 'non sine vano  
Aurarum, et siluæ metu.'

She replied to a few questions in a peremptory manner, instantaneously, in a voice keyed to the most piercing alto, glaring about as if just ready to leap from a cliff.

'Will you not tell us what your name is?'

(*With almost angry energy and quickness* :) LYDIA ANN LE B —.'

From the grace and style of the little thing, I was not surprised that there was some infusion of French blood in her veins. It will show itself from generation to generation. The distinctive characteristics of races cannot be lost, and I thought of this when *la petite* Le B — drew her little foot back, and upon the spur of the moment arranged her hood, with its many kinks and indentations, so appropriately that no milliner in Paris could have changed it for the better. And I saw this little fairy, who had been transplanted far away, among the wild mountains of Vermont at the door of a log hut, yet she was as distinctive in natural, undefinable *je ne sais quoi*, as a flower whose ancestors once bloomed in the gardens of Versailles, if it should be met with in the bleak wilds of Nova Zembla. That idea is scarcely true expressed by a quaint old author, I think Waller, but caught from something in one of the Greek Poets:

'Tell her that 's young,  
And loves to have her graces spied,  
That had she dwelt,  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
She must have uncommended died.'

But it would have been wrong to stand long transfixing with our glances as with so many cruel darts, the poor child of the wilderness. We quaffed a cup of water and passed on. The way-flowers which beguile us are sometimes more attractive than the main objects of a journey. The charm of fishing-excursions is comblended with many things. Beside the gorgeousness of the country when in full

leaf, which at each new step is like looking at another picture in another frame, 'the pomp of groves and garniture of fields,' there are infinite details to inspire one with the delights of rural life as set forth in the Idyls of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and in Virgilius, his Eclogues. The lights and shadows on the distant mountains, and upon the *αλθεα δεινδροεντα* the woody vales, the differing degrees of green in a forest, the sun shining through clouds, the kine recumbent on the sunny slopes, the bleating lambs — but it is time that I began to fish. After attaining to a considerable elevation above the valley, we descended into a wild cleared land, where a stump orator would readily have found a platform, and the desired lake or pond appeared in 'sight.' It was oval in form, about a half a mile in length, lying between steep, wood-covered hills and made by damming up a brook whose former course was discernible by the dead alders which once lined its banks. At the upper end of it was a saw-mill and a small house. At the door of the latter stood the tenants, a young man and his wife.

'Can you take care of us if we stay over night?'

'Yes, if you can put up with our fare.'

We 'guessed we could;' whereupon baskets, boxes, and fishing-rods were taken out. It was about twelve m. We were soon in fisherman's rig. The raft on which we were to embark was of the roughest kind, composed of heavy logs, and one end, from being water-soaked, a little canting. Two candle-boxes served for seats, and a big stone for a sinker. We pushed off with great expectations. O Izaak! what a contrast! the surrounding shores, Titanically wild, with the smooth blooming meadows of the River Dove! Yet in this solemn pool, which was full of floating logs, some of such regal size as to deserve the name of King Log, the speckled people were as brilliant and vivacious as in the crystal brooks of England, yes even here amid the sticks, (Styx,) they were instinct with the same life.

We cast anchor, sheathed our barbs in the poor wriggling earthlings, and threw our lines far out, hoping that they might fall in 'pleasant places.' There,

'As I sat with patient skill,  
A-watching of my trembling quill,'

an electric shock came down the rod to my wrist, and struck me to the very heart as with a bolt. My eyes! in mid air, struggling with all the energies of undiminished life, flashed there a most refulgent creature. On the next instant he was in my hand, and out of it. In fact, the principal catching of him was done upon the raft. At last I quelled his too exuberant spirits. He had gulped down the hook even to his rosy gills, and as with too cruel eagerness I tore it from

his bleeding mouth, and he uttered a faint cry of pain, like that of a musical mouse, my heart reproached me. There was a pathos in that very feeble yet very piercing piscatory note, as sweet, but more painful than the lamentations of a dying swan, while he was as beautiful in death as a little dolphin, and there was a streak of rainbow upon his back. Compunctiously I thrust him through the square hole of the basket, and flushed with hope, probulgent with pride from having caught the first fish, with ensanguined fingers I impaled another worm, and threw out again. It was soon manifest that for once at least we should not have need of *patience*, 'that little plant which does not grow in every garden.' Good luck! how I do like good luck! but it seldom comes to me, nor have I ever strayed upon the banks of Pactolus, whose sands are flaked with gold. Now, *O Dii majores*, I was to have a taste of it. More exhilarating is it, when you have girt your fisher's coat about you, to see a cork dance tremulously upon the wave which flashes, in the sun-beam, than in the light of unhealthy lamps and in the impure air of a theatre to gaze on a dancing Cerito. I nearly tumbled off the raft in my struggles with the quivering half-pounder. First I got the better of him, then he of me. He was in my lap, on my knees, on the raft, in the water, plucked out of it by his gills; in the tub, and there conquered. It reminded me of the contest of an old woman, which I once witnessed on a hot Sunday morning in Washington Square, with a beer-bottle. The cork popped out and it effervesced with all the force of imprisoned fermentation. She hugged it and she grabbed it, and presently got her thumb over the mouth, when, instead of going up into the willow-trees as it at first did, it fizzed off laterally into her eyes, and although I was on my way to church, and within half-an-hour of hearing one of the Doctor's most eloquent sermons, I could not get that beer out of my head.

But it is rather like handling a sky-rocket, to hold a new-caught trout.

We knew by its sandy bottom, as well as by the alders, the course of the brook, which like the river Alpheus coursed along, still distinct and separate, under the dark pool, cool and relishable as the springs whence it flowed. The younger trouts glided out of the adjacent waters to this sub-marine rivulet, and the dignified old fellows who lay slumbering in deep retirements, sometimes accompanied the juvenile brood. We hooked up one or two of them so as to get a glance of them, when with admirable tact they extricated themselves, and got away, carrying hooks and snells with them. They pulled like whales, but their weight might have been any thing between five pounds and a half-pound. We had already half-filled our baskets in a sandy hole near by, where three logs were arranged in the form of a triangle, when we drifted along, and came to anchor immediately over this brook. By the continual bobbing up and down of corks,

(first they trembled, then they were just visible, then out of sight,) we were convinced that we were on a favorable grazing spot, and so it proved. I have sometimes in the transparent waters of a brook seen a trout with his nose almost touching my bait, poising himself exactly, as the magnetic needle does, when, a little disturbed, it oscillates toward the pole. But I could not basket him, and he has wearied me out fairly in gazing upon one spot. Now the bites were rapid as those of the scaly, yellow, slimy, broad-as-they-are-long sun-fish. In all my experience of trout-fishing among the mountains of Vermont, I had never met with any thing near so exhilarating. It chanced that all circumstances concurred in our favor. The stifling heat of early day had become attempered, we were in the shadows of mountain forests, a good congregation of dark clouds was overhead, a crisp breeze had sprung up, ruffling the apparently stagnant waters of the pond, (although no pond is stagnant through which a limpid brook rolls,) we were not disturbed by insects, and we sat upon the raft pulling in the trout as fast as we could, when we saw Juli-Ann, the tenant's wife, step out upon the hill, and putting her lips to a tin-trumpet, she blew a little blast.

Juli-Ann blew her trumpet again, stepping out to a more out-jutting promontory, *à la angel*, and with repeated toots warned as plainly as a trumpet could speak, 'Dinner is ready.'

But although we had taken nothing with us upon the raft, and independently of what Julia-Ann had prepared, we had on shore a champagne basket containing a finely cured ham, bread in abundance, rolls of yellow butter, a large lump of ice, and other good things, and were hungry to boot, we would not even for an epicurean feast have left the spot. Our baskets began to be heavy with something larger than sardines. We were excited and interested with the good sport. As the day advanced, the fish were leaping up all over the pond. My companion began to try them with fly, and with excellent success. He had a very quiet way of killing his game, whether large or small. Thrusting his thumb under the gills to the spinal column, he broke the neck, dropped the fish in his basket without saying a word, baited his hook, and went at it again. Less experienced myself, each new capture was in the nature of a demonstration, at the risk of tumbling ke-souse into the pool. The sun had sunk down behind the forests, and we still toiled like a pair of Peters. Some hours of daylight remained, for in this latitude and at this season you can read a newspaper at half-past eight P.M. There were certain sullen, black spots just under the steep banks which had not been tried. We up anchor and resolved to drop in there on our return, slowly coasting along in hopes to pick up something by the way. Big bull-frogs reside in this pond, where they are never disturbed, for there is no market for their

legs, and now with their green eyes peeping out among floating bark and trash, or squatted down with their flabby, slimy bodies on the end of a log, like decayed fungi upon it, they began with their prodigious voices, swelling out with a probulgence rarely equalled, and never excelled. Some noises are apparently mighty, but there is nothing in them. Compare a gong, that rude, barbaric disturber of the hotel's inmates, with those grand waves of sound rolling along with oceanic fulness, when 'Big Tom' from the cathedral tower speaks aloud, or with the fire-bell out-booming at dead of night, when the liquid air so lately placid, is upheaved into stormy commotion, and if that ethereal flood were visible, we should see it rolling through all the city's thoroughfares, dashing against the church-spires, recoiling from hard walls, and fairly foaming about the roofs. And how massive, substantial and majestic is a lion's roar, which is worthy of the great wilderness. And then compare some orators of the stump with the noblest of the rostrum! What are they? A mere bag of wind to a full organ. Though the bull-frog seems to be loud, there is no strong, genuine quality of base in him. His voice is like his eyes and body, and the rest of him — all bloated.

How strange that he should be found in the same watery parlors with the delicate, refined trout. The one, loutish, lumpish — an amphibious toad — if by the goodness of his lungs, and dormant habits, he can live a hundred years, he uses less vital action in his few hops a day, when he goes with a dull, plumping sound into the wave, than a trout would expend in his electric dartings in a single hour. How wonderful are the works of God in the orders of creation! Oh! for knowledge to apprehend for what distinct purposes they were made, those in the air, on the earth, and in the waters; for what the solemn owl, the beetle, the gad-fly, the snake, the toad, the marsh-loving bull-frog. What is science? The eager ornithologist shoots down and collects all kinds of birds; and again we see cases filled with well-varnished bugs, and in another room of the museum perhaps there are vials full of most repulsive reptiles. Yet take the minutest insect which the microscope can detect, if his peculiar organism and habits could be traced out like those of bees, a life-time would not more than suffice for the study, and his biography would be interesting as that of any *man*. Thoughts like these came up while preparing my hook for a two-pounder, and they were suggested by the sepulchral notes of a bull-frog, for without reflectiveness, I should consider a day lost in mere fishing.

But so should I in only reflectiveness, when I have set out to go a-fishing. Always carry out your main purpose. You are indebted for your thoughts to it. Do not be ungrateful. How many ideas of the philosopher and the poet have been suggested when he was bent

upon what we call mere trifles. I think I saw a sneer upon the lips of that professing man, Mr. Matter-of-fact Commonplace, when in the morning he observed us jogging along with a bundle of fishing-rods sticking out of the wagon, while Genial Common-Sense, Esq., saluted us in his usual pleasant way, and wished he was going with us. And we should have enjoyed his company; but as to Commonplace, he would not distinguish between a trout and a catfish, the croaking of a bull-frog and the song of a nightingale.

But not to interrupt the narrative, we now pushed the raft some considerable distance directly opposite the promontory on which Juli-Ann stood. Some large hemlock trunks lay together, the water was deep, and the place looked trouty; but my desire was, as the two fishing-baskets were full, and the evening shades fell fast, to go ashore. A short naval consultation ensued, when it was decided to experiment for ten minutes by the watch. They elapsed, and not a bite. I was glad of it. 'Three minutes more.' 'Very well, but not longer; I could eat a cooked grindstone.'

I unjointed my own rod, encased it in its bag, wound up the line, took out my watch. A half-minute left. 'Let us go, there are no bites; this is tedious.' Hardly were the words out of my mouth, when I heard a walloping sound, and out came a fish, or rather he was only at first brought up to the surface, where he threshed about violently, lashing the water into bubbles. He was a beautiful creature, replacing all the colors of the sunset, weighing a pound and a half, and it required main force to hold him down.

I rejointed my rod, unwound my line, put on a new worm. Infirm of purpose! success is tempting, and it lures us on, from minute to minute, from hour to hour. After patient waiting, however, we caught no more. I was glad when we pushed up the unwieldy raft upon the sods, and got out with only a wet foot, for it was getting dark.

Juli-Ann had the table set, and a good fire in the kitchen-stove. While we washed and made our toilet, she put some fish in the pan. Released from our fishing-gear, unbuckled and unbound, 'neat, trimly dressed,' we awaited the coming good cheer with the double hunger caused by bodily exercise and healthful excitement. Our first course was of fish, so good as which are scarcely offered in the market, nor could we help complimenting Juli-Ann upon the cooking, while appreciating their firm and ruddy flesh and delicious flavor. Nor did the roasted potatoes, cold ham, and other condiments come amiss. We sat long at the board, until we felt 'the fulness of satiety,' when retiring to the outer porch, and indulging in a few whiffs of tobacco, we began to overhaul our day's work, to scoop out by handsfull the well-lubricated trout, and to admire some of them particularly, for



they differed in beauty as in size. Some were of a quakerish plainness, only silver-speckled, but others were decorated as with Joseph's coat of many colors. Next we saw them dressed. They were opened and cleansed, placed in broad tin platters, a pinch or two of salt was sprinkled over them, after which they were left beneath a jet of cool spring-water for the night. Altogether they numbered a round hundred, but their precise weight in pounds when placed in the scale, I have forgotten, although I could find it out. My friend keeps a regular Trout Journal, from which the idea of mine is borrowed; but his is mainly statistical, a short record, mentioning the day when, the place where, the persons with whom, the number of fish caught, and how much they weighed. If my trout-book should be continued, I may hereafter present some of his figures. He is very precise and systematic in his arrangements. He keeps an inventory of things wanted, corrected from time to time, and his box is supplied with every essential down to a small file to sharpen hooks, and needles and thread to mend a rent in the breeches.

A word upon pond-fishing. Almost all the ponds in this region which used to abound in fine trout, have been worsted or destroyed by the entrance of pickerel. Hence a few venerable trout who were able to fight against the foe on their own hook and off it, have been left unmolested to grow and flourish, and sometimes in the early spring when the angler ventures to try his luck for a half-hour in the old haunts, he takes a prodigious fellow, somewhat like that for which, as Juvenal tells us, a council of state was convened in Emperor Domitian's days to know where they should find a dish to serve him upon at some court-dinner, *admirabile spatium rhombi*.

I prefer pond-fishing, because it does not require so much art or nicety of skill, when you only watch the indications of the cork, as when in a transparent brook you see a trout behind a stump, suspiciously watching the bait, coquetting for a long time, and unless an *Izaak redivivus*, it is ten to one that you will be outwitted.

At the same time in most of the mountain-lakes you need an experienced guide to conduct you to the proper grounds. Some years since I took a friend from a distant region to Peacham Pond. His expectations were very high. His apparatus was exceedingly good; his rods, lines, snells, hooks were according to the best patterns. Aurora Mallory, who is known in all these parts for his piscatory skill, was to meet us, but the arrangement failed. Aurora did not dawn upon us, owing to some misunderstanding; we could do nothing without him, and after catching a few horned pēout, from a scow, we retraced our steps, after taking a last look at the remarkable scenery, at the thick green woods, intermingled with multitudes of half-fallen, dead and blasted pines or hemlocks, which stick out at all angles, some



of them stripped clean of bark as the masts of a ship, others with broken, splintered limbs, around the rarely-frequented Peacham Pond.

It was ten o'clock now, and the night was cool. We sat under the horse-shed while Juli-Anne and her husband stood in the door-way and listened to our edifying discourse. We were at last shown to our loft, where was a very soft feather-bed sufficient to contain two. I spoke for the floor, preferring to lie hard. My companion said he would be happy to take the bed, which he did, and in a few minutes began to snore. Placing some blankets under me, and a carpet-bag beneath my head for a pillow, I slumbered profoundly until woke up, but by what cause I will tell you when we meet again.

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## THE DEAD WATCHER.

### I.

On a wet and mossy stone,  
Shelving from the ocean shore,  
Sits a maiden, still and lone,  
While around the billows roar.

### II.

Outward o'er the water's deep,  
Gazes she with straining eyes,  
Steadfast as the stars that keep  
Vigil in the solemn skies.

### III.

She is dead! — that maiden fair —  
Marble is her pallid brow,  
On her stony shoulders bare  
Noteless fall the tresses now.

### IV.

Sightless are those earnest eyes,  
Dried the fountain of her tears,  
Stilled the heart's consuming sighs,  
Banished all her hopes and fears.

### V.

Outward o'er the ocean wide  
Reach her white, uncovered arms;  
Thus, imploringly, she died  
In the fulness of her charms.

## R E M E M B R A N C E S .

## VIII.

## OVER THE WAY.

WE called it 'the other house.' It was directly opposite to us, and always in the winter-time we could see the bright lamp in the parlor, throwing a kind of flickering light on the snow, and trying playfully to catch the rays of our lamp which was burning in the western parlor. Sometimes, as they danced along upon the snow, the two rays would come near mingling with one another, but just as they were wavering, and hesitating, and running about here and there, some great lumbering sleigh would come along loaded with milk-cans, and break in on all that the two rays were going to tell one another.

We cannot see the light from the other house in the summer-time. Buds and blossoms and leaves hide it away; but we know that it is burning, for in the summer friendly faces come and go through the darkness, and sit and talk with one another at the open window.

There is a large party 'over the way' to-night. I have drawn down the shades and unloosed the curtains, but somehow they do n't keep out the sound of merry voices; one of the windows is open, and laughter and music, and little snatches of song creep in under the curtain, and floating all about the room, ask me to go over for a little while.

Why should I? Over there all is life and joy and gayety; over here there is nothing but remembrances; over there are light hearts and laughter-ringing voices; over here where I am writing all is still and quiet; over there are flowers blooming out of season, carried about in silver holders, or planted in sand on little tables; over here, with the curtains down, there is nothing, save only the remembrances of the black cloth, which the sexton folded down from the coffin-lid, so that during the service he could sprinkle the ashes on the polished mahogany.

Yet is there no light coming to me, as it did from the lamp over the way in the winter-time? Ah! yes, for in the room just next to me (the door is open between us) the two little girls arm-in-arm are fast asleep, and their gentle breathing so sweet and calm, sheds a light far down into the soul; one of those bright rays that no man knows of, *and can't know*, unless he himself has two little girls lying arm-locked in the evening time, unless he himself can lie down with the thought that on waking, he will be greeted in the breakfast-room

with 'Good morning, dear papa,' or perhaps with 'Papa, only think, Gettie has dressed and washed all this big doll before breakfast.'

I must tell you something about this house over the way ; it's only a plain substantial country-house ; it has neither a freestone front nor marble steps. They do n't keep any man-servant to open the door, but whenever you ring the bell, Susan comes, and you can always rely on her telling you the truth about the ladies being at home, so falsehood never lies hid under a blue coat with buttons. They know what comfort is, over the way. They always sit on the best chairs, and lounge on the best sofas. They do n't cover up the furniture, or shut up any of the rooms ; so you never meet with that peculiar damp smell one finds in so many country-houses.

Sometimes they give quiet little sociables, and as you come up from your office (we live in a country town) you will find a little note lying on your dressing-table ; coming to you every week or two, you get to be familiar with these notes. There is a peculiar fold about them that you can't mistake ; you know just where the note wants you to go before you open it. You wear gloves, of course, but do as you please about a dress-coat, and the idea of a white cravat never enters your head ; you will have the lancers, and the quadrille to the good old-fashioned music of the piano ; and will never have to go either into the basement or nursery to hunt up chairs for the German cotillion.

In the morning, just after breakfast, poor women and little girls come round to the back-door of the house over the way ; crumbs are always falling down from the table. There is no lock on the gate leading up from the street, and so Faith passes in every morning with an empty basket, and afterward she and Charity come down the gravelled walk together.

There is great comfort inside of that house. There are no riches in the parlor and poverty in the kitchen ; there is enough every where, and to spare. The great wood-fire always burns bright ; the servants are contented, and do n't give warning at the end of the month ; they live there so long that they almost seem to be a part and parcel of the family.

The hall is large and wide in the house over the way, and just on the left-hand side as you enter you can, if you choose, pass into a little chapel, which windows of stained glass seem at first to light but dimly. Yet all is so arranged, that the light falls on the heads of choristers, and then creeping along the wall, rests on the picture of the Last Supper, and even in the darkest day you can read (by some strange light) underneath : *'Amen dico vobis quia unus vestrum me traditurus est.'*

The light does not go beyond that picture—I am mistaken, it does; it breaks directly across the room and falls on a picture of JESUS after His resurrection, and all that is written beneath this picture is the simple word, ‘Mary.’ Every thing would have been incomplete if the light had not gone *beyond* the picture of the Supper.

So as we gaze on this last picture, we can no longer wonder why the name of Mary, common as it is, has never lost its sweetness. She was both at the cross and the sepulchre, and I believe hers was the first name dropped from holy lips on the first bright Easter morning. . . . Just when evening shadows begin to fall upon the pictures, the family go into the little chapel off the hall. Is there any fitter place to take leave for a while of the family over the way?

## IX.

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

ALMOST any kind of a story will please children. Lions and tigers will do very well for a week-day, and on Sunday evenings you can tell them the story of David and Goliath, two or three times over. Some how or other, children have an affection for giants; it’s hard to tell how they get it, but I think the ‘Child’s Own Book’ must have a hand in the matter. My little girls have just finished reading the ‘Swiss Family Robinson,’ and the two are divided in opinion. The elder likes the ‘Swiss Family’ the best, and the other favors ‘Jack the Giant-Killer.’ I do n’t know what to do in the matter. . . .

One afternoon some five or six years ago, while *she* and I were walking up and down on the piazza, watching for the night-boats to pass, whose humming noise we heard far down the river, she stopped, and breaking off a little piece of honeysuckle, said, as she gave it to me: ‘Now promise something.’ So I said: ‘What is it?’ ‘Promise that the two little girls shall never be separated.’ So there, with the boats coming up and the moon creeping in among the vines, I pledged her. I did not know then, that while our train was rushing along homeward, some one else had been walking with her on the piazza, but she did, and I suspected it afterward; and now, looking back, I can tell just where the angel met her at the first; it was the night we passed in the cars coming down from A——. I remember as well as though it were yesterday, how the sleet and the snow beat against the window, how the cold night air rushed through whenever the door was left open at the station; what a damp smell there was about all the overcoats of the men; how, when I once got up to shut the door, I found the angel with the folded wings had slid into my seat, and was talking to her, (this was before he came to claim her, as I told you of last month.) He was only making his arrangements. He left the seat as

I reached it. He perhaps had other missions on that cold, damp night when we came down from Albany. . . . You may not believe it, but I have got that same piece of honeysuckle yet ; there is nothing left of it but the thick end of the stalk where it was broken off, all the leaves and flowers have crumbled away, and they only look like snuff when you open the little tin box where I keep them. Often since the pledge was given, I have been asked by kind voices and loving hearts to let them take one of the little girls ; but no, they cannot have either of them until the stalk crumbles away ; and not even then, not until I turn up the little box and empty out the ashes of the flowers.

Speaking of dead and faded flowers, did you ever know that bright, brilliant, blooming ones are sometimes a good 'divining-rod?' It does not make the slightest difference whether they grow in well-kept borders, or whether up among the hills of Hamilton county, you find them planted in old pieces of broken pitchers : and here I would give this advice to all good fishermen, no matter how wild the country, or how common-looking the house, wherever you see plants on the piazza, you will find not only a welcome inside, but a good, kind hostess ; you will meet a lady somewhere underneath that house-roof, not the one you left in the city, but one brought up among green trees and hills. Every thing will be clean inside of that house. You may rely on finding a snug little parlor somewhere ; it may be small, but lying on some little table by themselves you will find prettily-bound annuals, some old magazines, and a great many daguerreotypes of the family relations ; beside this — if there happens to be a tannery any where about, which I hope there is not — you will see the handiwork of the landlady, either in the covering of a little basket, or on the frame of a picture, with leaves and flowers cut out of leather ; the beds will be clean and sweet, and so you will be lulled to sleep by the murmurs of the stream that you are going to fish in, in the morning. If you will only trust to this divining-rod of flowers, no matter where you see them, you cannot be led astray. More than two-thirds of those you see in the windows on the avenue are tended and cared for by delicate hands, and the servants have nothing to do with them. I have always loved the flowers, and though she who loved them even better than I, is dead, yet even now, up here in the country, I have got blooming in the green-house varied-colored hyacinths and crocuses, and far down in one corner, where the sun always strikes through the glass, there is one little blue forget-me-not. That little violet always reminds me of the 'CROWNED WISH':

'I DID wish her home like Eden,  
Bright with flowers all around,  
That the casket might be worthy  
Of the jewel I had found.

'But the chilling blast of winter  
Touched the fairest flower of all,  
Touched and changed it, as the Frost-King  
Changes leaves in early fall.

'And an angel to my hearthstone  
Came and called my gentle one,  
Turning all my day to darkness  
When its dawn had just begun.

'Came and beckoned, as I watched her  
In the silent twilight hours,  
Holding in her hand the roses,  
Gazing on her cross of flowers.

'Oh! the weary, weary waiting  
For the music of her tone,  
When the evening lamp was lighted  
And I sat and read alone.

'Now a seraph 'mid the angels,  
Gathered round the Throne of God,  
From a world that was not worthy,  
Points me to the path she trod.

'Thus my wish has met fulfilment,  
High, unspeakable, untold —  
Where the city's walls are sapphire  
And the streets are paved with gold.'

It has been raining very hard all the morning, so I sent down to the office for my papers, and now there are three packages lying on my desk here at home, tied with very doubtful-looking red tape; each of these packages has got to pass through a species of 'circumlocution office' before any definite result can be arrived at. In the mean time, I am going down to the parlor.

'Here comes papa. Now he will tell us a story.'

So one of the little girls gets a lighter from the vase on top of the Franklin — their grandmother always saves the letter envelopes, so the vase is never empty — and lighting my segar, I ask them what kind of a story they would like; and here again there is a difference of opinion, the younger has a leaning toward the fabulous, and the elder wants a 'real true story.' So sitting down on the sofa, I was just thinking how — to please both — I could mingle the false with the true, and had just made up my mind to tell them something about the 'Death of the Dog,' when Kate — who has lived with us now for eight years — puts her head in the door and says, 'Are you ready?' and right away the little girls get up from the sofa and say: 'Good-night, Grandmother; good-night, Papa. Aunty, will you come up

and hear us our prayers?' So I can't tell them about the 'death of the dog' until to-morrow evening. . . .

I have just gone into the room to look at the little girls. You do n't know how quietly they are sleeping, yet we have to watch the elder one very carefully: we do n't let her go down to school on damp days; she knows the reason, and so do n't object to going 'down to the foot.'

The first thing she does in the morning is to run to the window and see if there is any blue sky; if there is a great deal of blue sky, she claps her hands and says, 'Good;'; if there is only a little blue sky, she plays with her paper-dolls, and pretends to take them out walking. If the sun happens to come out warm in the middle of the day, she takes a little basket on her arm and goes up to the barn to look for eggs; she knows just where every hen lays, and just when they want to set. If she finds one that wants to set, she comes in and borrows my pencil, and then pokes round in the pantry and marks twelve or thirteen eggs, with the day of the month and the color of the hen; then rushing up to the barn again, she lays them all down evenly in the nest; and when the man—who all this time has been quietly holding the hen—puts her down on the new fresh eggs, the little girl, swinging the basket in her hand, says: 'By-and-by she will have dear little chickens.' . . . This little girl is a great lover of flowers.

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T H E L O V E R .

I UTTERED words of love;  
I listened to low replies;  
I fondly gazed into the depths  
Of passion-lighted eyes.

And all I spake was true;  
Yet false were the words I said;  
For I loved as the heart of youth can love,  
And the love I breathed is dead.

A deeper passion moves me,  
And evermore shall move;  
Till now my words were empty and vain,  
For till now I knew not love.

A deeper passion moves me  
Than that I felt before,  
For the heart of youth is tender and true,  
But the heart of man is more.

I sing to my golden lyre  
Strains breathing a subtler lore;  
For I burn with a fiercer fire  
Than ever I felt before.

I pant with a wilder desire;  
I throb with a deeper love;  
With a love that is broader and higher  
That the starry heavens above.

J. A. D.



## THE 'TICK' FAMILY.

—  
 'A LITTLE nonsense, now and then,  
 Is relished by the wisest men.'  
 —

It came into our heads last evening, while taking a little healthful exercise in the passage, that a descriptive list of the numerous members of the 'TICK' family, now living, might not be uninstructional or unentertaining; so after due deliberation and investigation, we proceeded to arrange them thus. Being unable to discover the remote lineal ancestors, we are forced to trace out all the collateral branches; and therefore head the record with a venerable and respectable couple who have stood from time immemorial. For the better classification we divide the sexes, and give to each a separate list. The first contains the names and characters of the 'lords of creation':

## Males.

ARC TICK, one of 'the oldest inhabitants,' is a gentleman of cold, impenetrable exterior, who presents the same freezing aspect to all, even in the dog-days of summer.

BAIRD TICK, a near neighbor and relation, comes next, being associated with our earliest recollections. Some wag once advised him to wear a wig, but he indignantly repelled the idea. Oh! how the memory of whippings from the schoolmaster comes over us, whenever we unluckily forgot the name and neighborhood of the hoary old man.

The Right Reverend ECCLESIAS TICK 'speaks for himself.' His exemplary character and benevolent exertions for the good of mankind are too well known to require comment, but I am very sorry to say have hitherto failed to produce any impression on the obdurate.

SCEP TICK, who is an unbeliever bordering on infidelity, and will give credit to nothing but what he sees with his own eyes.

PROGNOS TICK is never satisfied with things as they are, and chiefly employs himself in diving into futurity, with his wife PROPHE TICK, who never does any thing else.

PLAS TICK and ELAS TICK so nearly resemble each other that it is somewhat hard to distinguish between them. Though only distantly related, they might be taken for twin brothers, and are chiefly remarkable for a certain pliancy of disposition which may be moulded to the will of any body of stronger mind than themselves.

Messrs APOPLEC TICK and DYSPEP TICK, are unfortunate sufferers, at present under the hands of the physicians, and put upon a strict regimen by Dr. CATHAR TICK.

CRI TICK and CAUS TICK are two brothers who take especial delight in fault-finding. The former sets up for a literary character, and thinks himself entitled to abuse every new publication. He has a powerful auxiliary in SARCAS TICK, who imagines himself a wit, and makes cutting, alias ill-natured, remarks upon people and things in general.

OP TICK is an indispensable member of the family, as we could not even perform the most common actions of life without his assistance; he also shows us many things of which we should otherwise be ignorant, and opens stores of knowledge to our view.

FRAN TICK and IDIO TICK are generally to be found in company with some of their crazy female cousins, and are dreaded by most people, although the last-mentioned is perfectly harmless.

ENTHUSIAS TICK and ROMAN TICK have long been contending for Miss POE TICK's good graces, and receive about equal encouragement.

ERO TICK is a most susceptible youth, apt to be caught by every pretty face. He has met with many rebuffs from the fair sex, and may 'finish his journey alone,' unless the tender-hearted Miss PATHE will take pity on his forlorn condition.

ACROS TICK is particularly attached to his own name, and fond of publishing it at full length to the world. He is now dancing attendance upon Misses EPIGRAMA and DRAMA, coquetting with both alternately.

ARTIS TICK is a decided genius, and frequently aids Miss POE TICK with his powerful pencil, setting before us in *glowing colors*, the fine scenes so well described by her. His talents are just now employed in perpetuating his family upon canvas.

ATLAN TICK occupies more space than all the rest of the family put together, and is as restless and changeable as he is unwieldy. His appearance is often very prepossessing, and the expression of his eyes, (which some assert to be of a sky-blue color, others the very shade of the monster jealousy,) calm and serene. But beware of this treacherous outside, for he is subject to sudden and *stormy gusts* of passion, and in one of these would think no more of swallowing a man-of-war and crew than of eating an oyster. For fear of my readers doubting this report, I will add the corroborating testimony of

AUTHEN TICK, who is well acquainted with the aforesaid gentleman, and may always be believed.

PEDAN TICK is by far the most learned of the set, although very dry in conversation. He has made himself useful by keeping a school to which all the children are sent; but alas! for the barren soil of

RUS TICK's brain; there the young idea could never be taught to shoot, and the poor pedant turns away with disgust to a more promising subject;

SCHOLAS TICK, who has quiet, gentlemanly manners, and profits so well by Mr. PEDAN's instructions that the pupil bids fair to excell the master.

BOMBAS TICK is just emancipated from the aforesaid seminary of learning, where he has picked up a few flourishing speeches, and is fond of displaying his store of elocution on uncalled-for occasions.

FANTAS TICK is a decided oddity, and prides himself particularly on an *outré* style of dress.

GIGAN TICK is not remarkable for any thing but his prodigious size. He certainly towers above the rest of the world, and being very awkward in his movements, has lately been taking lessons in feats of agility from

GYMNAS TICK, who possesses those qualities in an extraordinary degree.

MONAS TICK is a gloomy recluse always doing penance for imaginary sins. The most severe fastings have almost reduced him to a shade, but — though he once had many imitators — mankind is now too wise thus to lose all the pleasures of life in a mistaken idea of preparing for death.

MAJES TICK's dignity and grace of manner prepossesses every beholder, and he is especially the favored suitor of the haughty and fastidious ARISTOCRA.

DOMES TICK strictly obeys the scriptural injunction of keeping at home, and is entirely immersed in the business of raising the finest pork, beeves, wheat, corn, etc., and thus outdoing all his neighbors.

There are some adventurers who perhaps should be mentioned, as they claim to be branches of the same great race, although their descent has never been proved and they are not generally acknowledged by their cousins. The numerous family of

SEED TICKS, for instance, who, while they are really a low, creeping, and insignificant class, yet persist in annoying and fastening themselves upon the most respectable and influential members of society, thus frequently obtaining more notice than they deserve.

TICK DOLOREUX is another, who (by right of his mother, he says) has assumed this name. He is a wretched invalid, whose complaining tone and fretful fancies make him universally shunned. We will close with the large family of

TAC TICKS, who are unrivalled in prudence and foresight. They divide among themselves the most important offices of state, and have the army and navy peculiarly in their keeping. One of these, Major DRUMS TICK, is a conspicuous military character, and has already made considerable *noise* in the world. With this hero we will close the list of masculines, and take up the feminine branches, apologizing

to the fair sex for keeping them so long in the background. The aged partner of old ARC TICK stands first on the record of

*Females.*

AUNTARO TICK (as she is familiarly designated by the younger members of the family) is in character the exact counterpart of her husband.

MISS TICK, as the elder sister, claims the next place. She is a mysterious personage, always interpreting signs, and speaking in riddles, accompanied by oracular nods and winks.

RHEUMA TICK, PARALY TICK, ASTHMA TICK and PLEURI TICK are greatly to be pitied on account of their many infirmities, to relieve which the efforts of the best physicians have been vainly employed.

EMPHA TICK has a very positive way of speaking, and her assistance is frequently required by the reverend ECCLESIAS TICK to enforce his admonitions.

DOGMA TICK is somewhat like her preceding sister in manner and disposition, only a little more positive in the former and obstinate in the latter.

HERE TICK and SCEP TICK are kindred spirits; she having likewise withstood the thunders of ECCLESIAS TICK for many years.

ARISTOCRA TICK will doubtless feel herself slighted at so many others standing above her, as she claims to belong to the F. F. Vs. Her pride of birth and lofty bearing are well known, and in her own opinion at least entitle her to the highest place. She has many suitors, none of whom come up to her standard, and are therefore scornfully rejected. Her younger sister,

DEMOCRA TICK, she eyes with peculiar disdain, and unfortunately the feud between the two ladies is much fomented by a third,

POLI TICK, whose chief delight is to gain partisans for either side, and then bring them to open war. Her boisterous manners and meddling disposition make her dreaded and abused by all, yet she has great influence, and creates incalculable mischief.

DIPLOMA TICK is employed to negotiate between all parties, and goes about soothing the spirits, and healing the wounds inflicted by her quarrelsome sister POLLY.

PANA TICK and LUNA TICK, some think, should be sent to an insane asylum, as they are laboring under a mental delusion, which renders their remaining at large dangerous.

POE TICK is decidedly the family genius. Her melodious tones and tender sentiments make her a universal favorite. PATHE TICK, her intimate friend, excels her, if possible, in these respects. 'The sympathizing tear' is often seen to course slowly and sadly down her cheek, when the woes of others are recounted.

EPIGRAMA TICK and DRAMA TICK are highly gifted ladies, and always speak in numbers.

PERIPATE TICK and ERRA TICK are ('lady-like' as Mr. CAUS TICK says) never to be found at home. They wander together over the world in search (some ill-natured people assert) of a help-meet. This surmise can only be accounted for by the irresistible propensity some have to traduce the character of others.

AQUA TICK and HYDROSTA TICK conduce much to the health and comfort of mankind, when their prescriptions are not followed to too great an extent. The merit of these good ladies has only lately been acknowledged, and some people are quite *carried away* (it is *currently* reported) by the *stream of Hydropathy*, a favorite practice of theirs, with which they are trying to indoctrinate the world. I will insert here, as we are on the subject,

ADRIA TICK, a distant relative of ATLAN TICK's, who possesses his most prominent characteristics, though of course in a modified and feminized degree.

EME TICK is a most repulsive, disagreeable young lady, and we sadly fear must continue in single blessedness to the end of her life; indeed, it would be contrary to her nature to unite with any thing! In complete contrast we present the fair

AROMA TICK, whose sweetness of appearance and character is extolled by all. She is the *essence* of every thing delightful, and whatever she breathes on in nature and art, becomes instantly as fragrant as herself.

ANN TICK is one of PEDAN TICK's few female scholars, and too full of fun and frolic to think of learning. The gentleman lectures and looks grave in vain; no sooner is his back turned, than ANN is again at play, and to restore order, he is frequently obliged to call in her governess,

ARITHME TICK, who requires a rigid adherence to rules. This lady is possessed of many useful qualities, to *multiply* which makes up the *sum* of her happiness. In *addition* to these merits, she is the mother of that scientific girl MATHEMA who *figures* below.

MATHEMA TICK properly succeeds her mother, and is noted for her skill in calculation. She will solve the most difficult problem and reconcile the most obvious differences; having been even known to prove that 1 is equal to 2! This method is highly extolled by those who understand it, but is thought above the comprehension of common minds.

PRAGMA TICK, and her sister PHLEGMA, are to be classed among the old maids of the family, for which, however, we may conclude they are not to blame, as the former is famed for manœuvring. Like others

of their relations, they allow their tongues perhaps rather too much liberty, and indulge in very severe remarks.

SPLENE TICK hardly deserves a place here. She has no pleasure in life but that of venting her ill-humor upon others. Being very disagreeable, we shall dismiss her with little ceremony, to make room for the far more attractive

ECSTA TICK, whose lively, engaging manners win all hearts. She is charmed with every thing and every body, and though sometimes a little extravagant, is altogether a fascinating girl.

ENERGE TICK and ATHLE TICK are perfect Amazons in strength and activity. The former deserves much credit for her untiring industry, which conduces greatly to the success in life of all who will be guided by her precepts and example.

ANALY TICK has the curiosity of the family, and cannot rest without finding out the parts and properties of every thing. From a bride's wardrobe down to an apple-dumpling, nothing escapes her prying eyes.

SYSTEMA TICK concludes the list, and receives our hearty thanks for her valuable and efficient aid in the conduct and arrangement of this, our first and last effort at enlightening mankind.

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A S O N N E T .

Who hath not marked the young, imperial rose  
On which the morn's first sunbeam, newly caught,  
Lies drowned in drops of dew, which night hath brought  
To deck the sweetest, fairest flower that blows?  
Rose of thy native city, round thee glows  
A light as pure, in every heavenly thought,  
That plays along those glowing features, fraught  
With the calm grandeur of the soul's repose!  
Oh! it is well, that there are pleasant flowers  
For the poor wanderer of the waste to cull;  
And it is well, that, through the darkest hours,  
There gleam some visions of the beautiful:  
While such as thou are blooming in our bowers,  
Earth is no wild, life ceases to be dull.

T. H. U.

## A POPULAR FALLACY EXPOSED.

QUAINT Charles Lamb, in the very last of his 'Essays of Elia,' has given us a chapter on 'Popular Fallacies.' It will at once be evident to a thoughtful individual, that, in the last chapter of any book, which chapter must necessarily have an end, no complete enumeration of fallacies could be given; yet it is singular that Lamb did not embrace in his carefully-selected list that metrical saying of Tom Moore, accepted by half the world as eminently orthodox, and entering into the reveries of most disappointed sinners, to wit:

'This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given.'

Now, we love the truth. We have suffered for the truth 'in the days that are no more,' and which maturer 'age remembers with a sigh' when through the tube of retrospection again we behold 'those preserves' so carefully stored away in places dark, by our maternal mother; places haunted by the ghost of the adolescent Beech, so prematurely cut off; and 'preserves' which to this day enable us to testify that 'stolen fruit is sweet' in the eating. If, then, we have suffered for the truth, may we not vindicate it, and expose error?

We object, then, to the acceptance of the foregoing Moore-ish couplet, which consists of two unqualified assertions, the last being based upon the first. By reference to the couplet 'before mentioned,' as the lawyers say, it will be seen that the assertions are:

First: That 'this world is all a fleeting show;' and

Second: That this show is 'for man's illusion given.'

Now, if we disprove the primary assertion, the last must fall for want of a proper base. Let us proceed, therefore, to the argument: and that every thing may be properly done, we will question the couplet in manner as follows:

Is this world a *fleeting* show?

Is this world a *show*?

Is this world given for man's illusion?

We affirm that this world cannot properly be called a 'fleeting' show, or a fleeting any thing. Fleeting signifies transient, passing rapidly away, according to the testimony of Noah Webster, LL.D., M.A.P.S., F.R.S., Esq., etc. etc. Hugh Miller, in his lecture on the 'Paleontological History of Plants,' says: 'It is a marvellous fact, whose full meaning we can as yet but imperfectly comprehend, that *myriads of ages* ere there existed a human mind, well nigh the same principles of classification now developed by man's intellect in our better treatises of zoölogy and botany, were developed on *this earth*



by the successive geologic periods.' The creation of man, (not the world,) according to the Hebrew text of Scripture, happened 4004 years B.C. From the year A.D. 1, to the election of James Buchanan, Esq., to the Presidency of the American Republic, there are eighteen hundred and fifty-six years; and from that time to the present, A.O. 1\*, are about four years; making in all, from the Creation to the present time, five thousand eight hundred and sixty-four years. Now, if to this recorded period of time be added the unrecorded 'myriads of ages ere there existed a human mind,' Mr. Moore's 'fleeting' will certainly afford sufficient time for Old Wardle's Joe† to take a patriarchal nap. Fleeting indeed!

We imagine that we need bring no other proof to show that this pseudo show is not a 'fleeting' one. We are aware that if we had merely shown that the world was and is just no 'show' at all, it would have answered the purpose, as a confutation of Mr. Moore's statement, very well. But we wish to proceed in a manner, and with a precision that shall leave not even a wreck of the fabrication with which we have to deal. We will take line from line and precept from precept. And in continuation, we come to this question, the question of prominence in this discussion:

Is this world a show?

Now a show is a spectacle, an exhibition, in the sense intended by the author; and if the world is a show, it must possess a majority of those characteristics which pertain to exhibitions in general. If the world is a show, it is one of the large kind, and the large kind usually pay their printer's bills—but does the world? They usually perform half they agree to—but does the world? Does the world assure us in the small bills, referred to in the posters, that music will be furnished, in consideration of any compensatory sum, for those who would love to flirt awhile with Terpsichore after the fall of the last curtain? Is a single front-seat reserved for the ladies?—always excepting the Rev. A. Nette, B.B., (*q*) P. Kerr, P.B., (*q*) etc. Who, we ask, ever bought a ticket of admission into this so-called show? We triumphantly assert that the man cannot be found. It did not cost Adam a single 'red;' and Adam lived before the days of *caput mortuum*.

It is not our business to show what the world is, but merely to prove that it is not a *show*. This, we think all candid minds conversant with the subject will admit we have done. It only remains for us to notice the dependent assertion, that the show is given for man's illusion: and we do this, not from necessity, but rather because we

\* Anno Osawatomic.

† See Pickwick Repts.

would leave no straw for a drowning wretch to catch at. We now put the last question :

Is this world given for man's illusion ?

Now, it is not to be admitted that a world that has existed longer than all animal life, and furnished food, and drink, and fig-leaves for hungry, thirsty, blushing mortals for five thousand eight hundred and sixty-four years ; it is not to be lightly supposed that such a serviceable, matter-of-fact, every-day world is given for illusion. In fact, the world is not given to us : we are given to the world, and must serve the world in serving ourselves. The illusion may be said to be 'all in your eye.' The earth has lived to see the day when, courtesying in her equatorial hoop, she can lay her hand on her ample breast and say of the vanished Moore, one of her youngest children :

'THERE sleeps the bard who knew so well  
All the sweet windings of APOLLO's shell.'

If we are to live, this earth is certainly useful. Imagine it taken from under us, for a moment, and the laws of gravitation still in force ! You would immediately start on a four thousand miles journey to meet your dear friend, John Chi Naman, and John would leave home in great haste to meet his dear Yán Kee Doodle. Not being able to wholly control your impatient haste, your head arrives first, and in the forced obeisance hits your dear friend John Chi Naman in the vicinity of the floating ribs. Do you suppose you could 'see through' your friend ? At such a time one or both would admit the world — the earth — to be very convenient and useful to stand upon. For such a purpose it is superior to dignity. Now the useful is opposed to the illusory, or let us give our deductions a proper form, thus :

- 1st. The useful is the opposite of illusion ; and
- 2d. The world is very useful ; therefore,
- 3d. The world cannot be for illusion. Now, my friend Tom Moore lied.

We sincerely hope those who accept the gospel according to the couplet under consideration, will read our arguments and arrive at our conclusions, as they should. We are convinced that if this paper could be generally known, a vast amount of Dyspepsia would be cured without the aid of Pepsin or Kennedy's liquid patent. We can produce the best of evidence from a maiden aunt and a grandmother and others, that our celebrated A. A. A. (American Argumentum Ad-hominem) is a pleasant and efficient remedy for sense-of-duty 'coughs,' African 'colds,' didactic 'asthma,' and Plym-os-tic 'consumption.' We are not a retired physician, and if our sands of life are run nearly out, we purpose to tip the glass. Our object is not to collect three-cent stamps to pay the postage on printed circulars. Oh ! no, by no

manner of means not at all! We are in tolerable health and condition, and would love to see others delivered from that suffering which results from being crammed with assertions. Therefore, if any gentleman or lady wishes to try our 'specific,' let him or her forward eight red stamps and a blue one to the old gent, whose cat sleeps on the cover of the KNICKERBOCKER, and immediately on the receipt thereof the said specific will be forwarded to their address, post-paid.

N. B.: None genuine unless it has the signature, in small caps, of  
*Northern New-York.* F. SELYN.

### BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

COME, ARIADNE, a suitor awaits thee,  
 Jove-born IACCHUS, a suitor divine:  
 Weep no more tears for the false-hearted THESEUS;  
 Welcome the ivy-crowned lord of the wine.  
 Come, ARIADNE.

Fair ARIADNE, the pine-groves of Naxos  
 Echo the songs of a jubilant train,  
 Singing the praises of brave DIONYSUS,  
 Author of joy and dispeller of pain.  
 Come, ARIADNE.

Satyrs and Bacchants in wild dithyrambic  
 Greet thee as bride of the god of the vine,  
 Lover most dutiful, BACCHUS the beautiful,  
 Fair ARIADNE, would gladly be thine.  
 Come, ARIADNE.

Bind up thy golden locks, fair ARIADNE,  
 Chaplets of roses are weaving for thee;  
 Queen APHRODITE regards thee benignly,  
 Look no more sadly on shore and on sea.  
 Come, ARIADNE.

See, ARIADNE, the waving of thyrses,  
 Hark to the Bacchanal shout and the beat  
 Of cymbals and drums as exulting he marches,  
 Spoils oriental to lay at thy feet.  
 Come, ARIADNE.

Fair ARIADNE, the fates have decreed it;  
 Star-gemmed in heaven thy chaplet shall shine,  
 To mark to the wondering ages and nations  
 The love of the rosy god, BACCHUS divine.  
 Come, ARIADNE.

*Tuscaloosa, Ala.*

VOL. LV.

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## FREDERICK THE GREAT AND VOLTAIRE.

## THE KING AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

To the west of Potsdam are the palace and garden grounds of Sans-Souci. This palace was the favorite resort of the Great Frederick, and it was here the no less celebrated Voltaire had his apartments, during his literary intimacy with one of the greatest monarchs of the world.

Duhan, a Frenchman, and a military adventurer, who was encountered by the father of Frederick in the trenches of Strasburg, has the credit of giving in early youth, a decidedly French bias to the mind of his young pupil, the Prince-Royal. It was from him, and his interesting manner of imparting instruction, that young Frederick derived all that enthusiasm manifested by him, during his whole life, for French literature. The old King, Frederick William, had a perfect contempt for the study of the dead languages: and a story is quite often told at this day in Berlin, how the King once entering the Prince's chamber as Duhan was explaining to him some passages from the celebrated Laws of the Empire, known as 'The Aurea Bulla,' and hearing the sound of Latin, addressed the tutor quite fiercely with the words: 'You scoundrel, what are you doing with my son?' Duhan replying, 'I am only explaining the 'Aurea Bulla' to him, your majesty,' the old King shaking his cane over him, screamed out: 'Attend to your business, you villain; I will 'Aurea Bulla' you, you rogue, if you do n't leave Latin alone.' Of course Latin instruction ceased from that hour. French was equally despised by the mad old monarch, but that was taught perseveringly in secret, and to such neglect of the German, that to his dying-day, Frederick the Great never could either spell or express himself grammatically in his native tongue.

After the gloomy days had passed away, which, owing to the misanthropy, not to say insanity, of Frederick William, were filled with terror for the Prince; and freed from parental tyranny, the young man was rejoicing beneath the tranquil skies, and amid the shady walks of Rheinsberg, the man who appears to have excited the strongest interest in his youthful mind, was Voltaire, at that time in the very height of his literary fame in Europe. It was from this charming retreat, which even now retains much of its pristine beauty, that Frederick, then in his twenty-fourth year, addressed his first letter to Voltaire, then in his forty-second, testifying his high admiration, and offering his friendship. The portrait of Voltaire, which the tourist now beholds in the Chamber of Art in the old Schloss at Ber-

lin, was at that time suspended over his writing-desk in his library at Rheinsberg, and as he often declared, constituted the chief charm of his retreat. This portrait he was fond of comparing with that of Memnon in its life-giving properties.

Frederick's first meeting with the French philosopher, took place shortly after the young Prince had mounted the throne. It was at Mayland in Cleves, that the King and the Philosopher first met. Voltaire at the royal summons flew from Brabant where he was then residing. The youthful monarch, just recovering from a severe attack of fever, was so enfeebled by disease, that he apologized for not receiving so great a genius as he deserved. He appears to have been as much charmed at the time with the man as he had been with his works, for in writing a letter to Jordan shortly after this meeting, he enthusiastically says: 'Voltaire is as eloquent as Cicero, as agreeable as Pliny, as wise as Agrippa, and unites in his single person all the virtues and talents of the men of antiquity. He has just read to us his noble tragedy of Mahomet. I could only admire and be silent.'

But soon war and the cares of empire, doubly increased by an insatiate love of glory, kept for a while the King and the philosopher apart. Peace, however, had no sooner waved her magic wand, than we find the enthusiastic monarch writing to Voltaire: 'You are like the white elephant, for whose possession the Shah and the Great Mogul war with one another, and which forms one of the titles of him who may be fortunate enough to win it. Only come to me, and you shall stand at the head of my titles, and the world shall then read: 'Frederick, by the grace of God, possessor of Voltaire, King of Prussia, Elector of Brandenburg, etc. etc.' How, after so flattering and importunate a letter, could the vain philosopher resist? He speedily accepted the invitation, and the next summer finds him a permanent resident at Sans-Souci, with the titles of Lord Chamberlain, Knight of the Order of Merit, and in the receipt of five thousand thalers per annum. The King paid him the most flattering homage, while Princes, Field-Marschals, and Minsters of State vied with each other in courting his favor and securing his esteem.

The apartments that Voltaire occupied at Sans-Souci are still pointed out to visitors, and are said to be in the same state as they were when the furious philosopher left them, swearing vengeance on the King. They are not remarkable for their size or elegance, and save in the glorious views presented from their windows, not in any-wise note-worthy.

For a while literary activity and social enjoyment mingled their attractions, and the King and the philosopher seemed inseparable. But this happy state appears to have been short lived, and Voltaire soon found to his mortification when too late, that if a man is suffi-

ciently rich to be master of himself, neither his liberty, family, or country should be sacrificed for a pension. Voltaire himself, in alluding to his brief residence at Sans-Souci, says: 'Astoga did not meet a kinder reception in the palace of Alcina. To be lodged in the same apartments that Marshal Saxe occupied, to have the royal cooks at my command when I chose to dine alone, and the royal coachman when I preferred to ride alone; these were but trifling favors.'

This state of things was too pleasant to last long. A disgusting law-suit in which Voltaire became engaged with a Jew merchant, for the first time awakened in the King's minds suspicions of his integrity. The Jew accused Voltaire of having imposed upon him with false jewels, and although the decision of the Court was in the philosopher's favor, it was more than suspected that its judgment arose more from fear of the King's influence, than from any impression on the minds of the Court as to the merits of the case. At length Voltaire so far forgot himself as to hold intercourse with foreign ambassadors, in such a way that Frederick's patience was exhausted, and he exclaimed: 'I shall want him at most for another year; we squeeze the orange, and then throw away the peel.' The King's physician, who hated the supercilious Frenchman, did not forget to repeat this fine apothegm, an apothegm worthy, as the philosopher well said, of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse.

From this time Voltaire seems to have looked after 'the orange peel.' A bitter sarcasm of the philosopher appears to have been the first open cause of rupture; and the burning of one of Voltaire's sarcastic poems on 'Maulpertuis,' the royal notice to quit. The sarcasm certainly had a serpent's sting about it. A general on the King's staff called on Voltaire for the purpose of having him revise a poem he had just completed; at the same time, a servant arrived with one of the King's poems ready for revision, when Voltaire dismissed the general with this severe speech: 'My dear friend, come some other time: don't you see your master has just sent me some of his dirty linen; I will wash yours afterwards.' But when the philosopher from his windows at his lodgings in Berlin, beheld the hangman burning one of his works ignominiously in the public square, he could not brook such unheard-of ignominy. After the utterance of the sarcasm above noted, the King appears to have treated him publicly with contempt, but all this he could bear; and it was not until this marked contempt publicly cast upon his works, that he packed up his pension-warrant, order, and chamberlain's gold key in a parcel, which he sent back to the King, and on the wrapper of the parcel wrote these lines:

'I now restore each token  
For which I once had fondly strove,  
As one whose heart is broken  
Returns the likeness of his love.'

After the philosopher left Berlin, he took refuge at Ferney, near Geneva, in Switzerland, which he only left to have a brief triumph at Paris, then sink into the tomb.

Sans-Souci, where these brief hours of happiness were spent by Voltaire, is as far as the adornment of the grounds and scenery are concerned, a most charming spot. The views round Potsdam, presenting as they do bold sheets of water deeply embosomed within shady groves, with rippling streams that seem to sport round the basis of each wooded height, form certainly a most delightful oasis amidst the sandy flats of Mark Brandenburg. From the time when Frederick first came to reside there, the princes of his house have never ceased to heighten the charms of nature, by the cherishing and ordering hand of art. Grassy lawns encircle the town. Palaces and villas now adorn both hill and dale; exhilarating and refreshing odors are wafted far and wide on the zephyrs: but the palace of the great King remains untouched; and to this day recollections of him seem borne on every breeze that sweep the winding terraces. Frederick associated with the name of 'Sans-Souci' a hidden, deeper meaning. Beside the palace, he had constructed a vault which was one day to receive his mortal remains. It was lined with marble, and its purpose playfully veiled by a statue of Flora reclining on a polished slab. This vault, of the existence of which no one dreamed, was, properly speaking, that to which the name Sans-Souci alluded. He once mentioned this in conversation to a friend, and said, alluding to this vault: 'Quand je serai là, je serai Sans-Souci.' From the windows of his bed-chamber he could daily gaze upon the guardian of his grave, the goddess Flora.

The palace buildings are rather low, and built in the most uncouth style of architecture, a fault, however, rather common in most of the Prussian palaces. In the rear of this palace is a semi-circular colonnade, within which, when the infirmities of his last sickness pressed heavily upon him, the old King was accustomed to take exercise. His decline was gradual and easy, and he never for a moment lost the natural vigor of his mind, continuing every inch a king to the last. One day to his favored colonnade the old monarch was brought in his arm-chair, surrounded by his favorite dogs, to bask in the sun. 'I shall be nearer to him by-and-by,' said the dying King as he gazed toward the declining luminary. In a few days after, he had gone to the land of departed heroes. A few days more the iron gates swung open to let his coffin pass, and have never been opened since. He sleeps now by the side of his stern old father in the plain vault behind the still plainer pulpit of the Garrison Church of Potsdam. On each side of that vault hang the eagles and standards, battered, dented, and torn by the iron hail of battle, captured from the French by the Prus-



sians at Waterloo—a most fitting retribution and atonement to the insulted shade of their great hero, whose sword Napoleon carried off, on the top of the sarcophagus, where it had rested so long. When these captive standards are pointed out, care is always taken to make the stranger understand that they are suspended here as trophies of the vengeance Prussia took upon the violator of the sanctity of the grave of Frederick the Great. It was in this vault that William of Prussia and Alexander of Russia, grasping hands over the coffin of Frederick, and in the presence of the beautiful Queen Louise, took the solemn oath never to lay down their arms until this insult to Prussia had been avenged. How faithfully that oath was kept! The bristling lines of Blücher's heroes, as they swept on over the half-lost field of Waterloo to Napoleon's complete overthrow, most significantly bear witness.

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LOVE-COMMUNINGS.

I.

WHEN thou art by my side,  
 Thine arm around me thrown,  
 My head upon thy bosom,  
 Thou calling me *thine own*,  
 In all the wide old earth,  
 Beneath the glorious sky  
 No maiden is so blest,  
 So truly blest as I.

II.

When thou art by my side,  
 A cottage or a palace  
 Were all the same to me.  
 From out a golden chalice,  
 Deep draughts of love and hope,  
 With lavish hand, and free  
 As the red wine can flow,  
 Is poured for thee and me.

III.

When thou art by my side,  
 All the old dreams of mine  
 Fade in the holy light  
 Of love like the Divine;  
 Fade all the olden dreams  
 Of fame and high emprise,  
 As the light mist at morn  
 Fades from the sunny skies.

*Salem, (N. Y.), March, 1860.*

M. B. C.

## THE MOUNTAIN.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

BEHOLD the mountain monarch on his throne  
Of granite, robed in mist, and crowned with light!  
The sea, which sighs foreyer at his feet,  
Showers kisses on him, from the lips of shells,  
And breaks like a great heart upon the shore.  
Coquetting clouds, flushed with the tints of morn,  
Fold their soft arms about his ample neck,  
And on his shoulders weep delicious showers,  
While he like a stern gallant stands unmoved.

When thunder smites him with a lance of fire,  
When hail, shot from ice-batteries in the clouds,  
Breaks on his unprotected head, as though  
The sky were an exploding shell; when storms  
Assail him rudely with invisible wings,  
And tumble avalanches down his sides,  
Like moons, rolled from their orbits into night;  
He leans against the clouds, and quiet looks  
Beyond the storm, where heaven is calm, serene.  
Giant of earth! Offspring of this orb!  
Upon thy rocky pages, let me read  
The history of nature's workmanship;  
Imperishable records of the past  
Are chronicled in granite here, secure  
In the GREAT AUTHOR'S own chirography.

I will ascend this stairway of the sky,  
To the bald peaks where eagles build their nests,  
And wild goats browse amid the dangerous crags.  
Thy awful shadow chills my ardent blood,  
And haunts the valley like a Titan ghost.  
Up, step by step, I slowly wend my way,  
Until I reach the summit, which looks down  
On vales below, 'wide-spread and beautiful.'

This noble mountain lifts me from the world  
In its white arms, beyond the stooping clouds,  
Where I can freely taste the virgin air,  
Unstained by fevered lips and foul-mouthed tubes.  
The ocean, lashed by winds, creeps from the shore,  
Like a huge monster, bellowing with rage;  
Torrents unwind from shining spools of hills,  
About into the fertile plain, which seems  
Another sea, whose grassy billows mock  
The undulations of the adjacent deep.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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DOCTOR OLDHAM AT GREYSTONES, AND HIS TALK THERE. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS is a remarkable book for the things said, the manner in which, and the person by whom; although, of the latter we are only left to conjecture, as no name is given; yet we think we know him. His individuality is too marked, which being comblended with the healthful geniality of a large-souled man, and the learning of a thorough-bred scholar, to those who have had opportunities, it cannot long be doubtful to whom such thoughts, so expressed, belong. The book smacks not at all of book-making, but is written from a full mind. It is one of the freshest and most vigorous which the press of the present day has produced, and if it does not cause a sensation in the literary world among the more educated class of readers, we shall be surprised. But it will be received with different degrees of regard, and perhaps with a few back-handed compliments, while the sour and acrimonious, who see all things as through a glass darkly, will turn away from such a lively, sparkling current of thought, because it dances under the bright beams of the author's genius. While they would fairly be put to their trumps to *prove* a single statement in it which denies what is called orthodox, yet, not to have the conversation all one way, there is here and there something to startle the suspicions of very suspicious people, and make some very pious, excellent old ladies almost tear their cap-strings. The mere dogmatist may not be pleased, for the writer of this volume is not encased in a strait-jacket, but thinks boldly and talks freely, as one would, face to face with a friend; and if we have eyes to see and a heart to feel, he is imbued with the largest, freest, noblest spirit of humanity and Christian philanthropy. He has no story to tell, it is true, but is eminently readable, for he writes most forcible, idiomatic English, is never dull in his didactics, never twattles, is learned without pedantry, and although the topics treated are so diverse, yet there is a natural consecutiveness from first to last, and no abrupt transition. Although some think this book is flavored a little with STERNE, others a little with SOUTHEY, we trace little similarity and must call it *sui generis*. The good Doctor OLDHAM ad-

mits you into his library, and a choice one it is; makes you an inmate, for the time being, of his family, where you cannot fail to catch the spirit of a pure domestic life; places a chair for you as a guest at his square-cornered, oblong table, where you may listen to such intellectual converse as you will not hear every day; and even if you must sometimes protest against the utterances of the excellent philosopher, you will stand a chance of being made a happier and a wiser man. Next to being bodily present in that mansion at Greystones, which is pictured in the frontispiece, and a ground-plan of which is afterward given, we admire to have the privilege of reading his talks, which are as if taken down on the spot by some stenographer, so genial, fresh, and natural are they. He here discourses of the starry heavens. Listen to him:

'TEA was served (as it always is) in the library, at a little table near the bay-window. We sat looking out upon the golden sun-set, and the gorgeous hues of the horizon on the tops of the hills across the Hudson, until the last gleam of day-light and twilight faded away. But it would not be true to say, as in COLERIDGE's lackadaisical (wilfully lackadaisical) sonnet, that 'Eve saddened into Night.' For the night was any thing but sad. The sky was cloudless, and the air was just in the right state to give the stars the brightest possible twinkle, as they came out one after another. We stepped out upon the lawn to get a larger view of the brilliant sight. The whole concave, from horizon to welkin, was studded with glittering lights.

'What a sight,' said the Doctor; 'so glorious yet so still! How silently they shine.'

'Not without voice, though,' replied the Professor.

"WHAT though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,  
What though no real voice nor sound,  
Amid those radiant orbs be found,  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice —  
Forever singing as they shine:  
The Hand that made us is Divine."

'That's grand, is n't it? That's the old Greek idea of the music of the spheres — the divine harmony of PYTHAGORAS.'

'Hardly that,' said the Doctor, 'since it is far from clear that the Pythagorean music of the spheres — which was a mathematical harmony of numbers — had any thing but an impersonal principle for the ultimate law of the universe, or rather for the ground out of which it was evolved in a purely necessary way: which would not be a very orthodox idea of God according to ADDISON's view of the matter. Still there is no doubt but this idea of the music of the spheres, which comes from the harmony of the heavenly motions, is very old; and it is as poetic and beautiful as it is old.

'But who has expressed it like SHAKESPEARE in that moon-light scene in the 'Merchant of Venice'?

— 'Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest star which thou beholdest,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.'

'That's finer than your verses, grand as they are.'

'Why, I recollect now,' said the Professor; 'that Doctor Vox, in his celebrated lecture on the *Cavalier*, introduced both those passages, and praised the latter as the finest.'

'Yes,' replied the Doctor, 'I recited them to him one day as we were speaking of something that led me to think of them and put them in contrast. 'Grand!' said Doctor Vox. 'I'll bring them into my lecture on the *Cavalier*.' I heard him repeat his lecture afterward, and found he had brought them in. Their logical connection with his subject was not remarkably strict, but they were delivered with an air, and made a good rhetorical point that told well.

'But what exquisite grace, what simple idiomatic perfection of language, in that passage of SHAKESPEARE's! What a picture it presents to the mind's eye; and what a proof of the superiority of word-pictures over form and color-pictures, or rather, I ought to say, of the wider reach and greater variety of the power of words for the expression of the

conceptions which the poetic imagination gives form to: yet the secret of their power in the use of them is ever in using them as SHAKESPEARE does — not as something fine in themselves, but merely as instruments of expression, and the simpler the better, so they be fitly chosen; and who chooses them like SHAKESPEARE? Words! Wonderful things are words — half-spirit, half-sense, so flexible, so various in their power! The poet can body forth to the fancy or to the imaginative faculty in words almost every thing the sculptor or the painter can in form and color, and a great deal that form and color cannot embody. What painter could give adequate form to the picture that SHAKESPEARE in these words puts before the mind's eye?

‘But sculpture and painting can sometimes do more than poetry can do,’ said the Professor; ‘they can give us at a glance, vividly and perfectly, many things which words can only imperfectly express, and that not merely delicate varieties of outline and light and shade, but also thereby of moral expression, for instance, of a countenance.’

‘True,’ replied the Doctor, ‘and it is another advantage of sculpture and painting (as also of music) that they are, as my friend WEIR says, more catholic arts, in one point of view — their *language* is universal; they not only speak to the mind and heart of humanity every where in the matter of what they speak, (which all art does,) but their language is one that is read and understood alike by the people of all different nations and tongues.

‘Still the proper effect of true art is rather to suggest the ideal to the mind's eye, than to reproduce the actual to the eye of sense; and besides, the poet, in embodying his conceptions of action or passion, thought or sentiment, is not limited like the painter and sculptor, to some fixed point in space and to some indivisible moment of time; and so I speak of poetry as having a wider reach and greater variety of power than the other arts. But I intend nothing invidious. All the arts are alike in their object, the expression of the beautiful; they are heterogeneous in their means of expression, and so in some respects cannot be justly put into comparison: *heterogenea non sunt comparanda*; a lily cannot be said to be whiter than a rose is sweet. I am sure, however, you will agree with me in saying that no painter can paint the picture which those words of SHAKESPEARE paint for the mind's eye. The listening cherubs — form and color might picture them; but that would be far from telling the whole story.’

‘I think you are right,’ said the Professor.

Mrs. OLDHAM had remained behind a moment or two when we came out. She is liable to neuralgia, and was afraid to be out, even on such a dry warm evening as this, without her hood and shawl: so she had stopped to get them; and in her womanly carefulness had brought along also the gentlemen's hats. She now interposed:

‘O you men!’ said she, ‘talking abstract talk about pictures with such pictures before you as the sky presents! If you must speculate, let it be about the stars. Think of them — such a multitude of worlds.’

‘There are as many on the other side of the equator,’ said the Doctor, ‘which we never see; and the dwellers on that side never see ours; and from both us and them the sun hides more by day than the night reveals.’

‘Then to think of them,’ said Mrs. OLDHAM, ‘as such great worlds hanging on nothing, and moving about in such vast circles — so far from us that the light (though moving at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles a second) takes nearly three years to get to us from the nearest fixed star! I was reading about it to-day.’

‘Where is that star?’ asked the Professor.

‘There it is,’ said the Doctor, pointing to it. ‘It is the brightest of those stars in the constellation called Centaur. And look, there is another star of the first magnitude — in the constellation LYRA — that very bright star; it is called Vega, and is so far off that it takes twelve years for a ray of light from it to reach our eyes.’

‘And how far would that make it from us?’ asked Mrs. OLDHAM.

‘More than seventy billions of miles,’ replied the Doctor. ‘But the light from a star of the sixth magnitude is ninety-six years in coming to us, and is nearly six hundred billions of miles distant; and from a star of the twelfth magnitude (seen only by a telescope) the light is four thousand years on its way to us, and has to travel twenty-four thousand billion miles.’

‘And beyond that you suppose still other worlds which no telescope can reach; do n't you?’ asked Mrs. OLDHAM.

‘Yes, a billion billion miles beyond the farthest star which we behold, there are doubtless other worlds and systems — and so outward and outward — worlds upon worlds, systems upon systems.’

‘Husband, where does the universe end?’

‘No where, my dear.’

‘Is infinitude filled?’

‘Yes and no.’

‘Why yes?’

‘We cannot but think of that which we behold as a part and a type of that which exists in the infinite abyss beyond our view.’

‘Why no?’

'Because the infinite is infinite, and no sum of finites can equal it.'

'Are those worlds inhabited, do you think?' asked the Professor.

'I have no doubt of it,' replied the Doctor.

'I read a very profound and learned book,' said the Professor, 'that came out three or four years ago, going to prove the contrary, or, at least, that there is no good reason for the common faith.'

'And it proved neither the one nor the other,' said the Doctor; 'all it proved was, what every body knew before—that the dwellers in those heavenly bodies must be differently constituted from those that live on our earth in order to exist there: and so, because there can be no human dwellers there, the author inferred that there are none at all—an irresistible inference, indeed, provided it be taken for granted that God could not make living and rational creatures adapted to those worlds as easily as He has done so here; which is a principle the writer does not prove and which I do not grant, so his argument goes for nothing with me: and on the other hand, the fact that God has filled our earth so full of various forms of life adapted to such opposite conditions, is a presumption He has done the like in the other worlds. It is repugnant to my mind to suppose that our little globe is the only abode of reasonable beings; I rather believe that the countless myriads of orbs that roll in the boundless depths of space, are full of dwellers of like order and many probably of higher degree than those that inhabit our earth.'

'And to think, husband, that He who made all those worlds and filled them with dwellers, should watch over and care for each individual of us all, with that constant special care He bids us believe He does.'

'Costs Him nothing, my dear; it is as easy as if the universe were a twenty-acre lot, and you and I the only children of His care.'

'But why suppose such minute individual care?' said Professor CLARE.

'Because,' replied the Doctor, 'it is best to consider God as at least equally as good as a good earthly father.'

'Let us go in,' said Mrs. OLDHAM.

One other selection will suffice to give our readers a smack of the book, which is not a very large one. The Doctor visits Mrs. ROSSVILLE's school, and tells his wife what he said to the little folks there.

'I HAVE been up to Mrs. ROSSVILLE's school,' said the Doctor to his wife one evening. 'It was a sort of anniversary, when the children get each a present of some nice book suitable to their age and intelligence. Why, Mrs. ROSSVILLE and the other ladies have gathered together more than sixty children, in that outlying district, who would otherwise be very poorly off for needful instruction.'

'What did you say to the children, husband?'

'Well, I dare say it would have seemed very queer talk to many persons; it would have made Mr. GRIM look more grim, and Miss PRIM more prim, if they had been there. But I told the children I was glad to see them so glad about their books; that children did not formerly have so many books as they have now, but I was not sure they were any the worse off; for the few they had were better read, and so did them more good; while now they had so many there was danger they would read more than they could read in a way to make their minds grow; that it was a great deal better to read a few books over and over, again and again, than to run hastily through a great many; and, besides, there were a great many books for children now-a-days, written with a very good intention, that were very poor stuff—not half so good for them as some of those old ones which some very wise people now think so foolish: that 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' and 'Cock Robin,' and 'Jack o' the Bean-Stalk,' and 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and 'Cinderella,' and 'Beauty and the Beast,' and 'Æsop's Fables, with the Cuts,' and 'Berquin's Children's Friend,' and the 'Treasury of Choice Old Fairy Tales,' and the 'Story of Poor Joseph,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Sinbad the Sailor,' were a library for little folks which none of the wise modern books could make up for the want of; and I was glad to see them among their books; though some of the new books were indeed as wise and good for them as any thing that could possibly be imagined; such as 'Hans Andersen's Stories,' and 'Masterman Ready,' and the 'Settlers in Canada,' and 'Sir Edward Seward's Narrative,' and that exquisite little book, 'A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam,' and other equally beautiful stories by the same hand, and the 'Boy Missionary,' and the 'Ministering Children,' and some others that I could name, and I was glad to see them among the books to-day; only this they must remember, that the more they read such books as the last two, the more dead their consciences would become, and the harder their hearts, if they did not try in some way, according to their opportunities, to imitate the good examples which touched their tender feelings so deeply; and as to the rest, they must have nothing to do with such books as 'Professor Savethought's Truth Brought Down,' his 'Philosophy Made Easy,' and 'Great Things Made Small,' nor with Mr. SILLER's series: the 'Child's Book of Physiology,' of 'Natural Theology,' and the rest; nor with 'Mrs. Softly's Childish Hymns;' nor 'Mrs.



Scarem's Awfulness of Infant Sin,' and 'Sad Fate of the Little Sabbath-Breakers,' nor 'Miss Sharp's Profitableness of Piety,' showing the wisdom of serving God because He pays better than the Evil One; that they must never look into those books; and, in fine, they must speak the truth, obey their parents, love their brothers and sisters, be kind to every body, say their prayers, and remember always that they were God's children and not the devil's; and that God loved to see them play if they played fair, and loved to have them have a good time playing as often as they could get it, provided they did not neglect any duty or do any thing wrong; that they should always try to do right because it was right, and not merely for any thing they might hope to gain by it, whether from God or from others; and never to do wrong because it was wrong, and not merely from fear of what might come of it either here or hereafter; that the good Lord loved them dearly, and had not a thought or a wish about them, but to have them good, and happy here and forever, and they should therefore live as His dear children, and try to please Him out of love; that they could not be good without His help, any more than they could lift themselves over the river in a basket; that it was sometimes hard to be good, harder for some than for others, because their nature was not as favorable, (some being naturally more prone than others to get angry or out of patience, or to be sullen or resentful, or vain, or proud, or selfish and self-willed, or idle and unsteady,) but God did not think any the worse of them on that account, provided they honestly tried to be good; indeed, the harder they found it, the more God was pleased with them, if only they tried the more earnestly; and they must not be discouraged, or afraid of God, if they should sometimes stumble and fall into wrong, (as most likely they would,) but be sorry, and keep on striving to do right, and be sure that God would then love them just as tenderly, and forgive them, and make all allowance for them, just as loving fathers and mothers always do, and they would certainly succeed at last, for God's good Spirit was in all their hearts to help every one to become good that honestly tried, and kept on trying.

"There, Mrs. OLDHAM, that is the substance of my talk to the little folks; not a phonographic record, but a pretty fair report; and how do you like it?"

"I think it is very good," said she, "but it sounds very different from Mr. GRIM's preaching. He speaks of God in such a way as to frighten children from trusting Him, and so makes it impossible for them to love Him; they cannot help thinking of Him as austere, morose, and terribly strict—a foe to all innocent mirth and merriment."

"It is all along of his mistaken notions of goodness," replied the Doctor, "and partly of his natural temper, and partly of his unhappy instruction, that he has such mistaken notions. He mistakes sanctimony for saintliness, strictness for religiousness; and so it is nothing strange he should have a God after the fashion of such ideas. His way of representing God was once characterized by one of a company of soldiers, after I had been speaking to them of God's love for them notwithstanding the low rank they held in the estimation of men, and however deeply they might have fallen in moral degradation. The man thanked me for what I had said, observing that most of those who preached to them, spoke as if CHRIST might be their friend, but they must beware of God."

"I told him I was sorry they should ever be so taught."

"Sir," said he, "they make God a *Police Sergeant*!"

"That was the poor fellow's own title and function at the post where his troop was stationed."

"What is the function?" asked Mrs. OLDHAM.

"To keep a sharp look-out on the men, and bring them up for punishment for all neglect or infraction of orders," replied the Doctor.

"But how good God is. At first thought it would seem one of the mournfullest things in the world that the little folks should be deprived of the sweet influence of right instruction; the blessed sense that they are God's dearly loved children, and subjected to such teaching as Mr. GRIM's; made to think themselves the children of the Evil One, and sure to fall into his clutches at the last, unless they happen to be among the elect, which it is ten to one they were not. One would think their young life would be overshadowed and chilled to its very centre, by the great black horror of such a creed. But God takes care it shall not be so. If you chance to come upon a troop of those little ones out of doors at school recess, you will see them running, and scampering, and kicking up their heels like young colts let loose, and filling the air with the merry ring of their shouts and laughter. A strange spectacle and a frightful one—in a right logical consideration of the creed they are taught—to see the doomed little wretches so joyous and thoughtless amidst the terrific chances of their fate! But God, the true loving God, is stronger in their hearts than their Catechism, setting forth a God worse than none, by all the difference between a bad one and none. Let us rejoice it is so. Let us be thankful that such unwholesome instructions enter so little into the life-circulation of children's hearts, but roll off, for the most part, like the little pellets of hail from the windows, without any adhesion at all."

"But, husband, do you think that the parents and elders really hold any such terrible doctrines?"

"Well, they think they do; some of them only think they do, but in reality do not;



they hold only the words; some perhaps hold the doctrines, but without seeing or believing in the consequences. Which is another blessed thing. Then, too, being fathers and mothers has a wonderful influence: it is one of God's contrivances in behalf of little children. He takes care that there shall be a blessed inconsistency between a mother's head and a mother's heart, between a father's creed and a father's love: and so through God's love in them and their parent's love surrounding them, the little ones get a chance for a joyous childhood, unless in the midst of very unhappy outward circumstances. Oh! when will all those be friendly? I never think of the social life of highly civilized nations, with so much sorrow for its evils in any of its other relations, as in its bearing upon the unfolding of childhood.'

'MRS. OLDHAM had been sitting for some time in silence, her scissors busily running in and out the indented edge of a collar she was trimming for LILLY. FRED and his sister were on the other side of the table, each absorbed in reading, the one 'Ivanhoe,' the other Miss YONGE's beautiful tale of 'Heart's Ease.' The Doctor was looking over the newspaper.

'Husband,' said Mrs. OLDHAM at length, casting her eyes upon the children, 'how different the feeling among good people now from what it used to be about novels and works of fiction.'

'Yes,' replied the Doctor, 'they did not understand, in the days of your grandmother, that it is through the world of fiction children first enter into the divine and eternal world.'

'Dear me! husband, I am afraid I do n't understand you,' returned his wife.

'I beg your pardon, my dear; I was absurdly transcendental in phrase. I mean that it is from true fiction, from the living products of the creative imagination, children get their first ideas of the wonderful, of a world out of nature, the supernatural and divine. True and pure fiction is the purest truth, the natural and necessary aliment for the young imagination, through the quickening of which faculty alone the other faculties of mind and heart are best unfolded, even if they can be at all unfolded in any other way.'

'A sad time then, in those old days, for the unfolding of the young mind and heart,' said Mrs. OLDHAM; 'almost a hopeless case.'

'So one would say at first thought,' replied the Doctor; 'but God watches over the little ones. He contrives compensations and protections where they are concerned. He does not let monstrous doctrines and pious absurdities of prejudice altogether prevail over common-sense and the impulses of love in parents' hearts.'

'In those days children were indeed made to study the 'Westminster Catechism' for their Sunday (or as they called it Sabbath) lessons. 'Robinson Crusoe' would have been much better Sunday reading for them; they would really have gotten something from it; something good and quickening to true religious feeling in their hearts. But then, God be thanked, neither the children nor, for the most part, their parents understood the Catechism: so the harm was small; rather in the good they did not get than in the harm they did.

'But (as I said) there were compensations for the little people. For the younger ones the primer, which contained the catechism, contained many things besides; things that young and healthy minds could contrive to grow upon. There was that wonderful alphabet with its picture and couplet of verses to each letter, of which I remember nothing bad but the opening:

'IN ADAM's Fall,  
We sinned all.

'This might have done the children harm if they had understood and believed, or tried to believe the meaning it was framed to convey, or at least it might have perplexed and troubled their young thoughts. But I do n't think they got any insight of that meaning, and so no harm; nor would they, I think, if the couplet had been turned into a quatrain by adding, what might with equal truth be added:

'IN CAIN his Murthur,  
We sinned further.'

'There too was the moving ballad of the burning of JOHN ROGERS, and the still more moving picture of his wife and nine small children around him at the stake; the children's heads going down just like the steps of stairs from biggest to least, except the littlest one that was carried at the mother's breast. Other things there were too in that primer which (without any purpose or consciousness, you may be sure, on the part of its makers) had the genial effect of good fiction on the childish mind and heart.

'Then, too, the children, both younger and older, had the range of the Bible, perhaps the great Family Bible, containing sometimes most remarkable wood-cuts or engravings, and even perhaps the Apocrypha, a marvellous addition to their treasures, although some of them were not allowed to read it on the Sabbath. The Bible! full of stories, all nov-

els and tales to children, some of them indeed not so suitable and salutary for children as 'Robinson Crusoe' and other novels that might be named, but very many of them of such beauty and interest as no other book can surpass: the stories of JOSEPH; of RUTH; of little SAMUEL; of DAVID and GOLIATH; of DANIEL; of JONAH; and those parables of our LORD, the 'Good Samaritan,' and the 'Prodigal Son,' which make little people's eyes fill up and run over with sympathetic tears, so much do they quicken the imaginative faculty and touch the heart.

"Then for week-days there was the blessed nonsense of 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' which the good LORD (I cannot but think) took special care, through his hold on the instincts of mothers' hearts, that no black doctrines of predestination and decrees, and no puritanical sourness of sanctimony should deprive the little ones of; and as they grew bigger, there were 'Æsop's Fables,' with those wonderful wood-cuts, in the spelling-books, where were stories too, such as the story of Poor JOSEPH (who had so many children to feed and so little to feed them with) and his little boy, who thought he would not eat his share of the bread, but die and go to God, that there might be more for his brothers and sisters; a story that has drawn many a tear from many eyes; and other stories, more than I can mention; all of them novels and tales and romances to the young. Besides this, and it seems to have been a special 'dispensation of Providence' in favor of the young, it almost always happened, in some mysterious way, by nobody's procurement in particular, there went circulating through every neighborhood, stray copies of 'Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper,' 'Beauty and the Beast,' the 'Transformation of Indus,' 'Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp,' and 'Sinbad's Voyages,' which somehow the pious fathers and mothers failed to see belonged to the class of books prohibited; and so the little ones got those ideas of the wonderful and supernatural which, entering the childish mind through the imagination, in the garb of fiction, prepare it for divine eternal truths. Then too, God be thanked, there were but few children, in New-England at least, that did not in some way, through His contrivance, get hold of 'Robinson Crusoe,' the most fascinating of human books to children at a proper age; of the reading whereof observant persons would find proof in numberless islands, not surrounded by water, where shipwrecked little people built huts and played at 'Crusoe' and his 'man Friday' with great delight, while their minds unfolded and grew in the joyous activity of their play.

"So it may be seen what providences and what compensations there were for children in those days when story-books were few, and good people's thoughts restrictive and austere."

In conclusion, we would urge it upon the Doctor to write another volume to be the companion of this, which will have many admirers. We stand in the attitude of 'OLIVER asking for more.' Good, genial Doctor OLDHAM, open the doors of your snug library again, and discourse, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, although you do not do justice to yourself in that motto, for it might apply to the rambling, incoherent talk of the prolix, but not to your own 'all-hang-together-ness.'

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THESE are exquisite editions, with red-edged leaves, suitable to hold in the hand or carry in the pocket. We have applied in vain at the booksellers for an edition of 'Erasmus.' Will not the HARPERS supply that want?

UNDERTOW OF A TRADE-WIND SURF. BY GEORGE H. CLARK. In one Volume: pp. 200. Hartford, Connecticut: CHARLES G. GEER, Publisher: MESSRS. CASE, LOCKWOOD AND COMPANY, Printers: 1860.

SELDOM are we called upon to welcome a more beautiful volume from any American press than the present: nor indeed can we truly affirm that any issue from the London press, which has come under our notice, is its superior in respect of beautiful externals. The paper is fine, thick, and delicately tinted, after the style of the elegant English edition of LONGFELLOW's poems: the printing is upon types large, clear, and open, the whole smoothly pressed, with a margin so liberal that the page has truly an imperial look. Thus much we feel in duty bound to say, in justice to the printers of the work: nor are the internal features of the book less marked and transcendent. Very many of the poems, indeed much the largest portion of them, were contributed originally to our pages; and whether as appearing from the pen of 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' or from the quill of GEORGE H. CLARK, they never failed to be warmly welcomed by our readers. As a writer of humorous verse, we hardly know Mr. CLARK's superior among the several American writers who are eminent in that department of poetry. His wit sparkles like HOOD's, while his rhythm is as mellifluous as that of HOLMES, and his 'sly insinuations' are as effective and adroit as those of SAXE; yet is he entirely original: his style being entirely his own, 'and nobody else's. But to our mind the pathos of certain of his poems is even more remarkable, and inexpressibly winning. Read the subjoined, as one example. The lines seem actually to *sob* with emotion; and our word for it, tears accompanied the composition of every stanza which it contains:

Claway.

'O SOFTLY blows the southern breeze,  
Beneath the window-blind,  
And plumes its winnowing wings for one  
It never more may find.  
The birdling that you seek, O wind!  
In your Æolean play,  
Some wondering seraph, stooping, saw,  
And bore to Heaven away.

'You took your flight, O southern breeze!  
When Summer's sheaves were bent,  
And there was sorrowing round my hearth  
When your sweet joyance went;  
Ah! little did I know how much  
Of happiness was left,  
Until of that new love of ours  
My sad home was bereft.

'He went when Autumn's golden light  
The glowing world o'erspread,  
And left behind a night of gloom  
And rayless dark instead.  
Life was not life to me, unless  
His presence formed a part,  
For he was the irradiate light  
And day-spring of my heart.

'At sound of my familiar step  
How brightened all his looks;  
Down went the playthings, and away  
Went all his pictured books;  
His little hands, like fluttering wings  
Were tremulous with joy,  
And, happy in each other's arms,  
The father clasped his boy.

'We lived and loved — a blessed life!  
As we shall live no more,  
For angel pinions bore him off  
From this despairing shore:  
The cloud that shut him from my sight  
Cast back a fearful spell,  
And made my quailing spirit shrink  
Where its dark shadow fell.

'Blow softly, gently, southern breeze,  
Amid the buds and bloom,  
And let your odor-laden airs  
Search all the quiet room;  
You cannot find his sweeter breath,  
Nor his red lips restore,  
And though you gladden other hearts  
You wring my own the more.

'I read aright the moaning sigh  
Beneath my window-blind —  
It is the loving sprite who seeks  
For one it cannot find;  
For one whose bright and starry eyes  
Are distant now and dim,  
While Memory fills its vacant halls  
And corridors with him.

'O God! that such a world as this,  
So beautiful and brave,  
Should be of all our fondest loves  
And dearest hopes the grave:  
That in one bitter hour, a blight  
Should change its glorious hue,  
And wither beauties, which no showers  
Nor spring-time can renew!'

As we read these touching lines, MEMORY travels backward over more than a score of years; and the form of a dear little boy — 'too lovely,' almost every body said, even when he was in perfect health, 'to be long spared to us' — arises to the view, whose innocent, infant soul exhaled to Heaven, on the autumnal night air, in a 'House by the Sea,' never thenceforth to be forgotten by us. He 'passed away with the tide,' (while the sea and land were aglow with the 'heat-lightnings' of an August night,) into the great ocean of eternity!

As affording a fair specimen of Mr. CLARK's felicity of manner in a very different vein, we present

*'The Rail-Road Bond.'*

'It is a very pretty thing,  
And charmingly engraved;  
As neatly gotten up a cheat  
As ever broker shaved.  
And I have quite a lot of them,  
All safe and snug at home,  
Enough to make a picture-book  
As large as GIBBON'S 'Rome.'

'I thought I bought them very cheap,  
At only eighty-three.  
Indeed, we higgled quite a time  
Before we could agree;  
'What! Eighty-three for ten per cents?  
Dear Sir, you must be crazed;  
Yet, I shall have to let them go,  
For money must be raised.

'Before that blessed week was out  
I smelt a sort of rat,  
For I was told that I could buy  
For even less than that.  
My neighbor bought for seventy-six,  
I never asked him how;  
But I am far from sad to learn  
That he has got them now.

'Those thousand dollar promises  
Are printed by the ream!  
And being secured by mortgages  
How very safe they seem.

Moreover, I reserved the right  
To change them into shares,  
Whose income by-and-by would be  
A fortune for my heirs.

'The coupons — those delicious things!  
How temptingly they look:  
As beautifully lithographed  
As OLIVER'S copy-book.  
Yes, there they are; not one cut off;  
The ranks are perfect yet,  
And like to be, for all that I  
For them shall ever get.

'The boy who shows for half a dime  
Six rattlesnakes alive,  
Was urging me, the other day,  
To view his precious hive:  
'I say, Sir, want to see the snakes?  
One on 'em's eat a toad:  
I'll let you see 'em for a Bond  
Of that 'ere Western Road!'

'Ah well! the dream is over now,  
And so I sit and sigh,  
And curse the day when oily tongues  
Persuaded me to buy:  
I spend my time with tearful eyes,  
O'er their delusive charms,  
In singing sad lugubrious hymns  
And penitential psalms.'

In the same vein is '*The Menagerie*,' indicating, beside, that close observation of the 'little ways' and sayings of children which thousands of parents notice, but yet which not one in a hundred naturally describe, when they attempt to do so:

*The Menagerie.*

'Did you ever! No, I never!  
Mercy on us, what a smell!  
Don't be frightened, JOHNNY dear —  
Gracious! how the jackalls yell!  
Mother, tell me what's the man  
Doing with that pole of his?  
Bless your precious heart, my dear,  
He's stirring up the beastesses.

'Children, don't you go so near:  
Heavens! there's the Afric cowsses:  
What's the matter with the child?  
My! the monkey's tore his trowses.  
Here's the monstrous elephant —  
I'm all a tremble at the sight;  
See his mighty toothpick, boys;  
Wonder if he's fastened tight?

'There's the lion — see his tail!  
How he drags it on the floor;  
Sakes alive! I'm awful scared  
To hear the horrid creature roar.  
Here's the monkeys in their cage,  
Wide awake you are to see 'em;  
Funny, an't it; how would you  
Like to have a tail and be 'em?

'JOHNNY darling, that's the bear  
As tore the naughty boys to pieces;  
Hornéd cattle! only hear  
How the dreadful camel wheezes!  
That's the tall giraffe, my boy,  
Who stoops to hear the morning lark;  
'Twas him who waded NOAH'S flood,  
And scorned the refuge of the ark.

'There's the bell! The birds and beasts  
Now are going to be fed;  
So my little darlings, come,  
It's time for you to be abed.  
Mother, 'tis n't nine o'clock;  
You said we need n't go before;  
Let us stay a little while —  
Want to see the monkeys more!

'Cries the showman: 'Turn 'em out!  
Dim the lights! There, that will do;  
Come again to-morrow, boys,  
Bring your little sisters too.'  
Exit mother, half-distraught,  
Exit father, muttering, 'bore!'  
Exit children, blubbering still,  
'Want to see the monkeys more!'

Our author dedicates his volume of 'Fugitives from justice, resurrected from Magazines and newspapers,' to 'the Public who may read or buy it.' We think we can assure the writer *one* thing, and that is, that whoever *does* buy it, will read it, and read the whole of it, too; and whosoever shall read it, in the library of another, will *desire* to buy it for his own choice library collection, if he possess one, or to enrich an indifferent one, if he should not be so fortunate.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL AND PERSIUS, WITH ENGLISH NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY, FROM THE BEST COMMENTATORS. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL, PERSIUS, SULPICIA AND LUCILIUS. Translated literally into English Prose, with Notes, Chronological Tables, Arguments, etc. By the Rev. LEWIS EVANS, M.A., late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. To which is added the Metrical Version of JUVENAL AND PERSIUS, by the late WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE above authors, from the fragmentary character of some of them, (in the case of JUVENAL from uncertainty as to arrangement, owing to the manner in which he composed, revised and corrected his satires,) from peculiar brevity, compression of style, abrupt transition from figure to figure, and general toughness, have always presented considerable difficulty to the learned commentator, and without him are as unintelligible as RABELAIS to the ordinary scholar. Professor ANTHON, for reasons which he does not mention, but which may easily be surmised, has contented himself with giving the text alone of PERSIUS, but all the resources of his indefatigable scholarship and industry are brought to bear in his commentary on JUVENAL, which is none too full for the necessities of the student; indeed we wish that it were even a little more elaborate, as with the filling up of a few breaks, and with a very few additional notes, it would amount to a complete translation, and obviate the trouble of referring to other books, by those who wish to revise their classics. We are by no means opposed to helps, or even translations, in the study of the ancient authors, as even with the best which can be obtained, the path to real learning is not so very easy; the careless and negligent will not be placed on a par by the use of them; there is ample room for the exercise of the ingenuity in seeking for better synonyms, and for

all the processes of study which in the acquisition of languages tend to improve the taste and to form the judgment. In all the various classical works of Doctor ANTHON, which have taken the place of the old Delphin editions, although they do not relieve the pupil from a good degree of application, yet they afford the most substantial aid, nor can it be laid to his charge that he gives gratuitous assistance where not needed, but where any actual difficulty presents itself, is mum. Of such commentators the boys may well say '*non tali auxilio.*' We well remember in our school-boy days the comfort afforded in preparing a lesson of HORATIUS or SALLUSTIUS, by his notes. As we ran our eye along the text, and after various examinations, of old AINSWORTH, for the use of words, not knowing any better authority at the time, nor having FACCIOLATI, when we could not get the passage into correct shape, and turned to the notes at the end of the volume, we invariably obtained a satisfactory and lucid exposition.

We have next to notice an edition of the same authors, including also fragments of SULPICIA and LUCILIUS literally translated into prose, and the truthful and excellent metrical version of JUVENAL and PERSIUS, by the late WILLIAM GIFFORD. It contains also a full chronological table, a paper on the date of JUVENAL'S 'Satires,' an Essay on the Roman Satirists, arguments and copious notes, thus combining within it every requisite for a full elucidation of the difficult text of these writers. As PERSIUS is generally left untouched, SULPICIA and LUCILIUS have been unknown, and JUVENAL himself for the most part heretofore has been very imperfectly digested by those in our universities and colleges, from scanty help and an occasional hour in the recitation-room, we regard this publication as specially seasonable. The old translation by MADAN, to which we were wont to refer with good success in digging out the sense of this author, is a very true one, (and we must in justice remark, that his knowledge of the text, and the real aid which he gives to the student can scarcely be excelled,) yet the present translation by EVANS reads better, is equally faithful, and is in all respects an improvement. It is true that we judge mainly from a perusal of Satire I., but from the distinguished source whence it proceeds, as well as from years of study devoted by a Fellow of a College of Oxford to the subject, it may be safe to say, *Ex uno disce omnes.*

We conclude these remarks with a single passage from the prefatory Essay : 'When we consider the unnatural vices at which JUVENAL directs his indignation, and reflect at the same time on the peculiar qualities of his mind, we shall not find much cause perhaps for wonder at the strength of his expressions. I should resign him in silence to the hatred of mankind, if his aim, like that of too many others, whose works are read with delight, had been to render vice amiable, to fling his seducing colors over impurity, and inflame the passions by meretricious hints at what is only innocuous when exposed in native deformity : but when I find that his views are to render depravity loathsome ; that every thing which can alarm and disgust is directed at her in his terrible page, I forget the grossness of the execution in the excellence of the design ; and pay my involuntary homage to that integrity, which fearlessly calling in strong description to the aid of virtue, attempts to purify the passions, at the hazard of wounding delicacy and offending taste. This is due to JUVENAL.'



WALTER ASHWOOD: A LOVE-STORY. By PAUL SIOGVOLK, author of 'Schediasms.' In one Volume: pp. 296. New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON, Number 130 Grand-Street.

THE series of desultory and varied papers, by the author of this exceedingly handsome book, entitled '*Schediasms*,' all of which appeared in former volumes of the KNICKERBOCKER, will serve to commend his present literary venture at least to the favorable regards of *our* readers. But, independent of such an adjunct, '*Walter Ashwood*' will commend *itself*, for various merits, to a wide circle of love-story admirers. The sub-title, a 'Love-Story,' might convey to some minds an idea of undue sentimentality; but such should remember that love is the controlling element, or at least one of the strong controlling elements, of the best novels that have ever been written. This work, however, cannot be termed a *novel* proper. It is literally what it professes to be, a 'love-story.' The hero and the heroines, as their characters are gradually developed and contrasted, make up the principal attractions of the book, rather than a succession of startling incidents. It is an *emotional* story, and as such depends greatly for its interest upon the minute and varied analyses of individual natures which it presents. The style is uniformly smooth and flowing: the descriptions of the two great scenes in nature of the tale, Niagara and the Alps, are fine, and evince an appreciative heart and a loving eye: two faults of the story, however, will, we think, impress many readers: the emotional parts seem too minute, and the 'conversations' sometimes unnecessarily prolonged. The whole is informed with feeling, to be sure; yet it is not always possible to make the *minutiae* of human emotion acceptable to the 'story'-lovers. 'Lovers' proper, howbeit, may regard these portions of the work with different feelings; and these will constitute, we suspect, a large proportion of our author's audience.

EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCOURSES, DELIVERED IN THE BROADWAY CHURCH, NEW-YORK. By E. H. CHAPIN, DD. First Series. In one Volume: pp. 358. New-York: O. HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

'EXTEMPORANEOUS,' we frankly admit, had a charm for us, in the very title-page of this volume of Discourses. It implied naturalness, fervor that sprang from the occasion, and feeling that 'must out, and would have vent.' And all these characteristics the book fully exemplifies. It has never been our good fortune to hear Dr. CHAPIN speak in public, except upon one occasion, and that occasion was *The Booksellers' Dinner at the New-York Crystal Palace*. Somehow or other, it seemed, at the time he arose, that there was an 'awful pause' in the proceedings: the vast edifice was filled with waiting listeners, and some few impatient listeners, too. Mr. CHAPIN stood up, at the head of the centre-table, amid applause that shook the Palace. He paused a single moment, looking through his spectacles at the audience, and with distended nostrils, from which there seemed to come a kind of snort, and in a voice like the sudden tearing of a strong rag, he began. *Electric* is the only word



which can express the effect which he produced. He was speaking of the *Printing-Press*—of the power of types. Just at this period the Crimean war was at its height: and to this he especially alluded, saying: 'I like the roar and the rumble of the Power Printing-Press, better than the thunder of Artillery: I like the click of types in the composing-stick better than the click of the cocked musket: and well do I know—well do you all know—that the leaden messenger from the composing-stick, swifter than a bullet, and more sure of its aim, *will reach its mark, though it be a thousand years ahead!*' The Malakoffs and Redans of vice and iniquity fall powerless before it!' Quotation from the volume before us, we regret to say, is not within the compass of our present space.

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KIT KELVIN'S KERNELS: IN A SERIES OF TWENTY SKETCHES: with Illustrations. In one Volume: pp. 270. New-York: ROLLO, Publisher.

THE motto which appears upon the title-page of this unpretending volume modestly expresses the writer's own estimate of this his first literary 'venture,' in the form of a printed book:

'THE earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,  
And these are of them.'

In the opening of his somewhat *too* epigrammatic preface, '*Words at the Threshold*,' the writer remarks: 'There are two requisites to make a book: the first is *garniture*, its general appearance: this invites: the second is *interest*: this entraps.' The initial requisite, here code-ed by our author, his little work certainly presents: his publisher is an honest and liberal publisher, and has done himself and his author justice in all the *externals* of the book: and the initial story in the volume, '*Gregory Ashton*,' is so crowded with incident, (variety and combination of incident,) that the '*interest*' which a production so dramatic must involve, should be enjoyed in a perusal of the whole, rather than of a part. Effective segregation, or connected quotation, would not be 'convenient,' nor prove to edification. 'Read the *whole* story:' it is not long: and is as change-ful and 'situation'-ish as CHARLES READE'S '*PEG WOFFINGTON*.'

A large proportion of the sketches and stories which form the contents of the volume before us, were contributed, in not remotely past years, to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. A 'practised pen' the writer did not and could not boast. He was mainly desirous, in '*his way*,' as he expressed it, to point some moral, in each and every one of the desultory papers which appeared in our work. That he did this, and did it to general acceptance, we believe will be admitted by our readers. But there is much in the handsome volume under notice which did *not* appear in the KNICKERBOCKER; and to this portion of the book we desire our readers to be attracted by a remembrance of what *did* so appear: knowing full well, that a vivid reminiscence of '*Tom Bolt's Navy*,' '*Landlord Wype*,' the '*Autobiography of Bill Money Dollars*,' and other kindred sketches, will suffice to scatter KIT KELVIN'S '*Kernels*' broad-cast before those who may heretofore have been interested in his communications. Let all such 'gobble 'em up;' for the 'corns' will expand easily, and form a full 'crop.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EDITORIAL HISTORICAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: NUMBER THIRTEEN. — We proposed, in concluding the chapter of this 'Narrative-History' which appeared in our April number, to occupy a portion of the next one, in the consideration and exemplification of a voluminous and long-continued contributor, in prose and verse, to these pages; and we ventured to hint, that in acute observation, refinement of manner, and the adroit exercise of the *ars celare artem*, he might be held to 'divide the honors' with rare 'JOHN WATERS,' whom we had been especially considering. This contributor, so alluded to, was Mr. FREDERIC S. COZZENS, author of three volumes, collected from his writings at different periods in this Magazine, with smaller selections from one or two other sources: '*Prismatics*,' beautifully published (under the literary name of 'RICHARD HAYWARDE') by MESSRS. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, illustrated by DARLEY, KENSETT, HICKS and ROSSITER: '*The Sparrowgrass Papers*,' or '*Living in the Country*,' less attractively issued by MESSRS. DERBY AND JACKSON; and '*Acadia, or a Month among the Blue-Noses*,' from the same book-selling house. 'RICHARD HAYWARDE' began early to write for the KNICKERBOCKER: and from the first, his communications, whether in prose or verse, were not only always acceptable, but were always warmly welcomed. His first contribution to our work appeared some fourteen years ago, in the shape of a brief poem, entitled 'Worship,' which indicated the 'promise of his spring;' a poetical promise, that was thereafter more than fulfilled, as we shall take present occasion to show. We shall mention here a few farther specimens of 'RICHARD HAYWARDE's earlier effusions, for the purpose of illustrating the possession by him, so long ago, of the same literary trait which distinguished Mr. HENRY CARY, or 'JOHN WATERS:' namely, the evident '*time labor*:' the care with which he gathered and grouped together the minute effects, which, combined, were to constitute a forcible and truthful picture. And we can say here to our young would-be-bards, that if they would give to deep thoughts, to felicitous ideas, to happy, fanciful conceits, the best garb in which they would have them appear, let them not regard the care and the labor which are required to produce such a result. Even men of the greatest GENIUS — that 'God-given gift' — who 'threw off things at a heat;' men like BYRON, for example, have not scorned to prune, revise, condense; alter, amend and emend. Remember the one sublime verse in CHILDE HAROLD, of which the

terrible manuscript, with BYRON's 'awful' corrections, remains extant in exact fac-simile. But this is passing.

'*Thoughts from the Top of Trinity*' was a prose-sketch, and the next in order, from Mr. HAYWARDE's pen. We think that in the two or three short passages which we subjoin, will be remarked the germination of a style of 'observation and record' which 'Mr. HAYWARDE,' 'Mr. SPARROWGRASS,' and Mr. 'BLUE-NOSE ACADIAN COZZENS' have made exceedingly individual. In that regard, if in no other, they are worth the scanning:

'WHFW! what a great stone-quarry the city is!—all rude, misshapen squares and angles. Methinks I would rather see the little red-tiled roofs of the ancient Belgii nestling down there amid the patriarchal trees than all these mighty monuments of art. What toil, expense and anxiety; what heart-burnings, bankruptcies and chicanery; what quarrelling of heirs, estrangement of friends, and fraternal feuds; what demolishment, rebuilding, discontent, casualties, and vexation of spirit has it cost to produce this crude, 'deformed, unfinished' bantling!—and the only redeeming thing about it, after all this great labor, is sweet Nature, twining her white arms in the shape of two rivers lovingly around it,

'E'EN as a tender mother who doth make  
A fair but froward infant her own care.'

'By the mass! but this cross is no child's toy!—my arm aches with holding on. See poor humanity below; there struts the proud, there goes poverty, bowing its lowly head; from the poor sempstress, in her worn and faded gown, through each successive mutation, up to the flounced and white-gloved lady in the crape shawl, who rustles along with a conscious dignity, as if she felt 'every sprig in her new silk dress;' from the poor pavior earning his daily bread with his stone mallet to the occupant of the elegant carriage who rolls over the street which his fellow-mortal is perfecting that he may be more at his ease; each with the little bundle of care, desire and anxiety packed up in its skull, winding off with much toil the mighty reel of life. What are they to me, the solitary watcher from this lofty spire? About as interesting as the animalculæ in a drop of water, or the figures in a phantasmagoria. . . . How the world has advanced during the last few centuries!—what mighty discoveries Science has revealed!—how piercing the vision which discovers a *World* in illimitable space, that in silence and darkness has been encircling the sun, unknown till now! The winged messengers on yonder wires travel faster than light itself! How great is man! Yet I declare to you, that if my dearest friend was at the base of this tower, I would not know him from ADAM!—and it is but two hundred and eighty feet high!

'Do you wish to depose me, ungentle zephyrs? or why thus beat the '*rappel*' with my coat-flaps on my sheep-skin? Rather let me ask why men wear these terminations, instead of short jackets? Is it not reversing the order of nature? Doth not the tadpole merge into the perfected frog by *dropping* his nether appendage? And should not humanity in like manner, growing up from the ground with much trimming, like unto a thrifty plant, develop at last the jacketed, perfected man?

'Think of this and reflect. Hark! the chimes! A fine hand this stone shaft makes for the great earth-clock. How unerringly it moves through space! Let me sit here for an hour, and from point to point we shall have travelled above a thousand miles. Before yon steamer with its tiny spume of white vapor reaches the High-

lands, we describe a segment stretching as far as the top of Saint PAUL's dome, London!

'The chimes again!—another quarter gone. Gone with the past. Truly, my stone hippogriff travels through time as well as space. And I too with it; I too must soon become the denizen of a silent city like that we see amid the shadowing trees below; for I am old! Yes:

'RICHARD is old: the morning-land of life,  
Threaded with sunny streams, purled with flowers,  
Where erst was love, and joyance, and sweet May,  
Now in the purple shadows of the west  
Lies lost forever! Summer too has come,  
Budded and blossomed, and the ripened fruit  
In the expectant lap of autumn falls,  
As the full-sphered life, three-quarters gone,  
Slow rises on a white and wintry night.  
Years have departed; where the acorn lay  
Uprears his sinewy arms the aged oak,  
Stricken and leafless! Falls the April rain,  
Comes the warm sunshine, bringing life to all—  
To him no more: a rent and sapless trunk  
Casts its unfruitful shadow on the ground,  
And lo! the woodman and the axe are here!

'But I must descend from my 'pride of place.' If this little cord by which I am suspended between heaven and earth break, these would be among the posthumous works of RICHARD HAYWARDE. My *literary remains* would be gathered up from the stone pavement. So! softly! till I gain the casement.'

In '*Trout-Fishing, by an Amateur*,' the scene of which, the 'Southside' of 'Old Long-Island's Sea-girt Shore,' is a *locale* that has elicited much praise, in various graceful ways, from the writer's pen, the reader will trace the colloquial characteristics of the 'Blue-Nose' sketches. It was Mr. COZZENS' second prose article in the KNICKERBOCKER. The 'party' had been a-fishing the great part of a summer's day, without the encouragement of a bite; the pangs of hunger 'gat hold upon them;' and they sought the shore to assuage them:

'Nor far from the pond stood a cottage, whose windows, adorned with strings of dried cayenne-pods, rusty jews-harps, papers of pins, fly-spotted festoons of faded tape, and skeins of thread, damp-looking candies in topless jars, and cases of old ginger-cakes, of a pale and bilious complexion, gave fearful indications of a 'country store.'

'There was a little pinched-up face peering through the door-way as JOEY came up; one of those faces peculiar to places situated in the vicinity of a 'salt-ma'sh.' It seemed as if the features had become impregnated with the saline effluvia, so dried and withered were they. Around the face was tied a little yellow-white cap; it might have been a night-cap, or a day-cap, or both; and on the tip-end of the nose a pair of plated spectacles hung suspended: the silver was nearly all gone; they were decidedly antiques; but the eyes within were as sharp and new as if they had just been made by some cunning jeweller and inserted that moment in their little orbits. There was a dun-colored calico gown belonging to the face, with a black bombazet apron in front; one of the hands held a snuff-box, and the other the lower half of the door.

'Can you give us dinner, Ma'am?' said JOEY.

'Waäl, I guess not,' said the woman.

'We won't be particular, if you can give us something to eat; and as there is no other house within hail, we do n't know what to do unless you will be so kind,' said JOEY, insinuatingly.

‘ ‘Waäl, I’ll try,’ said she; ‘come back in abeöut tew hours, and I guess we can give you *so’tin*,’ any way. Three on you?’

‘ ‘Yes, Ma’am.’

‘At the appointed hour the fishermen were on the spot, and the dinner was ready. *Imprimis*: a plate of boiled salt-beef; *secundo*: a platter of boiled beans, each particular bean being as large as a pea-nut and twice as hard; then there was a round bowl of brown sugar, and a yellow tea-pot of tea, and some fresh ginger-bread, and some damp bread, and some dry salt butter. The eldest of the two men had been endeavoring to make an impression upon the beef with the carving-knife, but in vain. ‘Madam,’ said he, (and the big drops stood upon his brow,) ‘have you any thing that will cut this beef?’

‘ ‘Here’s a shoe-maker’s knife; we du make cöut best with that, sometimes,’ said Madam SALINA.

‘With this new weapon the attack was re-commenced, the outworks were fairly carried, and the beef ‘ ‘gin in.’

‘ ‘How much do you intend to charge, Ma’am, for this dinner?’ said the spokesman.

‘ ‘That depends upon heöw much you eat.’ (A pause.)

‘ ‘Pray, Madam, may I ask what you paid for this beef?’

‘ ‘Waäl, I think I paid ten dollars a bar’l for it.’

‘ ‘Ten dollars! — is it possible! What a shave! Why, they only ask seven, at the most,’ said PISCATOR.

‘ ‘That might be,’ said SALINA; ‘I bought that beef mor’n three years ago, and I ruther guess it was higher then than it is neöw.’

‘After a serious attack upon the viands, followed by copious libations of tea, they rose to depart.

‘ ‘Hostess, what must we disburse to remunerate you for the sumptuous banquet you have provided for us?’

‘ ‘Heöw?’ said SALINA.

‘ ‘What is the gross sum that we owe you? How much to pay?’

‘ ‘Waäl, I guess three shillin’s won’t be tew much.’

‘ ‘For each?’

‘ ‘No, for all.’

‘ ‘Cheap enough, in all conscience! We bid you farewell, Madam.’ And so they wended their way homeward, sadder but wiser men.

‘*The Stone House on the Susquehannah*,’ a narrative-tale, was continued in chapters through several numbers of the Magazine. It contained many fine descriptive scenes, and was altogether well written: but the author, to use a homely yet expressive phrase, ‘got stuck,’ and the ‘Stone-House’ was never completed: ‘This man began to build, and was not able to finish:’ ‘leastways,’ he *did n’t*.

If the reader will turn to the paper on ‘*Alliteration*,’ in Mr. COZZENS’ ‘*Prismatics*,’ he will get an inkling of the knowledge which he possesses of the manner in which musical *effects* in poetry are often produced. And no better exemplification of the fact that the writer ‘practises what he preaches’ could be found, than his own examples of exquisite versification. ‘*Bunker-Hill, an Old-Time Ballad*,’ was bold, picturesque, and striking: but the *labor* was less concealed than in

many other of his poetical effusions. The '*Babylonish Ditty*,' for instance, is a perfect gem of versification; and as we have many readers who have never read the '*Prismatics*,' and certainly thousands among them who did not read them 'in the original' in our pages, we give ourselves the satisfaction, and them the certain pleasure, of quoting the '*Ditty*' entire:

A Babylonish Ditty.

'More than several years have faded, since my heart was first invaded  
By a brown-skinned, gray-eyed siren, on the merry old 'South-Side';  
Where the mill-flume cataracts glisten, and the agile blue-fish listen  
To the fleet of phantom schooners floating on the weedy tide.

'T is the land of rum and romance, for the old South Bay is no man's,  
But belongs (as all such places should belong) to Uncle SAM;  
There you'll see the amorous plover, and the woodcock in the cover,  
And the silky trout all over, underneath the water-dam.

'There amid the sandy reaches, in among the pines and beeches,  
Oaks, and various other kinds of old primeval forest trees,  
Did we wander in the noon-light, or beneath the silver moon-light,  
While in ledges sighed the sedges to the salt salubrious breeze.

'Oh! I loved her as a sister — often, often times I kissed her,  
Holding prest against my vest her slender, soft, seductive hand;  
Often by my mid-night taper, filled at least a quire of paper  
With some graphic ode, or sapphic, 'To the nymph of Babylond.'

'Oft we saw the dim blue highlands, Coney, Oak, and other islands,  
(Moles that dot the dimpled bosom of the sunny summer sea),  
Or 'mid polished leaves of lotus, whereso'er our skiff would float us,  
Any where, where none could notice, there we sought alone to be.

'Thus till summer was senescent, and the woods were iridescent,  
Dolphin tints, and hectic hints of what was shortly coming on,  
Did I worship AMY MILTON, fragile was the faith I built on,  
Then we parted; broken-hearted, I, when she left Babylon.

'As upon the moveless water lies the motionless frigata,  
Flings her spars and spidery outlines lightly on the lucid plain,  
But whene'er the fresh breeze bloweth, to more distant oceans goeth,  
Never more the old haunt knoweth, never more returns again —

'So is woman evanescent; shifting with the shifting present;  
Changing like the changing tide, and faithless as the fickle sea;  
Lighter than the wind-blown thistle; falser than the fowler's whistle  
Was that coaxing piece of hoaxing — AMY MILTON's love to me:

'Yes, thou transitory bubble! floating on this sea of trouble,  
Though the sky be bright above thee, soon will sunny days be gone;  
Then when thou'rt by all forsaken, will thy bankrupt heart awaken  
To those golden days of olden times in happy Babylon!'

If it were in our power to repeat poetry as HALLECK reads it; if we could convey, as *he* conveys, almost a new enjoyment of a favorite author by his exquisite enunciation; we should like to pronounce aloud the foregoing poem to our readers. But its melody of language would 'speak for *itself*,' though it were proclaimed from the top of a dry tree, on a windy day, by a hoarse crow. We would recall to our readers' recollection, in the '*Prismatics*,' 'Aunt MIRANDA,' 'Orange Blossoms,' and 'The Last Picture,' as affording frequent examples of similar melody in numerous unmeasured prose sentences which pervade those sketches. The reader need not look, however, for the same characteristics in the

essays '*On the Habits of Irishmen*,' and eke '*On the Habits of Scotchmen*.' SATIRE (unminced) here growls and bites.

The '*Sparrowgrass Papers*' and '*The Blue Noses*' have been made so familiar to the public in these pages, and in recently-published and widely-circulated volumes, that reference to, or quotation from either, would be regarded as unnecessary and adscititious. We take our leave of 'MR. HAYWARDE' with a single extract from '*Captain Davis, a California Ballad*,' which still farther illustrates the truth of what we have advanced on a preceding page:

'ALL the heroes that ever were born,  
Native or foreign, bearded or shorn,  
From the days of HOMER to OMAR PASHA  
Who mauled and maltreated the troops of the Czar,  
And drove the rowdy Muscovite back,  
Fin and Livonian, Pole and Cossack,  
From gray Ladoga to green Ukraine,  
And other parts of the Russian domain,  
With an intimation exceedingly plain,  
That they 'd better cut! and not come again!  
All the heroes of olden time  
Who have jingled alike in armor and rhyme,  
HERCULES, HECTOR, QUINTUS CURTIUS,  
POMPEY, and Pegasus-riding PERSEUS,  
BRAVE BAYARD, and the brave ROLAND,  
Men who never a fight turned backs on;  
CHARLES the Swede, and the Spartan band,  
CORIOLANUS, and General JACKSON,  
RICHARD the Third, and MARCUS BRUTUS,  
And others, whose names won't rhyme to suit us,  
Must certainly sink in the dim profound  
When Captain DAVIS's story gets round.

'Know ye the land of mines and vines,  
Of monstrous turnips and giant pines,  
Of monstrous profits and quick declines,  
And Howland and Aspinwall's steamship lines?  
Know ye the land so wondrous fair?  
Fame has blown on his golden bugle,  
From Battery-place to Union-square,  
Over the Park and down McDougal;  
Hither, and thither, and every where,  
In every city its name is known;  
There is not a grizzly Wall-street bear  
That does not shrink when the blast is blown:  
There DIVES sits on a golden throne,  
With LAZARUS holding his shield before,  
Charged with a heart of auriferous stone,  
And a pick-axe and spade on a field of *or*.  
Know ye the land that looks on Ind?  
There only you 'll see a pacific sailor,  
Its song has been sung by JENNY LIND,  
And the words were furnished by BAYARD TAYLOR.

'Seaward stretches a valley there,  
Seldom frequented by men or women;  
Its rocks are hung with the prickly-pear,  
And the golden balls of the wild persimmon;  
Haunts congenial to wolf and bear,  
Covered with thickets, are every where;  
There's nothing at all in the place to attract us,  
Except some grotesque kinds of cactus;  
Glittering beetles with golden wings,  
Royal lizards with golden rings,  
And a gorgeous species of poisonous snake,  
That lets you know when he means to battle  
By giving his tail a rousing shake,  
To which is attached a muffled rattle.



'Captain DAVIS, (JONATHAN R.,)  
 With JAMES McDONALD, of Alabama,  
 And Dr. BOLIVAR SPARKS were *thar*,  
 Cracking the rocks with a miner's hammer;  
 Of the valley they'd heard reports  
 'That plenty of gold was there in quartz :'  
 Gold in quartz they marked not there,  
 But p'intns enough on the prickly pear,  
 As they very soon found  
 When they sat on the ground,  
 To scrape the blood from their cuts and scratches;  
 For a rickety cactus had stripped them bare,  
 And cobbled their hides with crimson patches.  
 Thousands of miles they are from home,  
 Hundreds from San Francisco city;  
 Little they think that near them roam  
 A baker's dozen of wild banditti;  
 Fellows who prowl, like stealthy cats,  
 In velvet jackets and sugar-loaf hats,  
 Covered all over with trinkets and crimes,  
 Watches and crosses, pistols and feathers,  
 Squeezing virgins and wives like limes,  
 And wrapping their legs in unpatented leathers :  
 Little they think how close at hand  
 Is that cock-of-the-walk — 'the Bold Brigand !'

'Music,' says HALLECK, 'is every where ;'  
 Harmony guides the whole creation ;  
 But when a bullet sings in the air  
 So close to your hat that it moves your hair,  
 To enjoy it requires a taste quite rare,  
 With a certain amount of cultivation.  
 But never music, homely or grand,  
 GRISI's 'Norma' or GUNGL's band,  
 The distant sound of the watch-dog's bark,  
 The coffee-mill's breakfast-psalm in the cellar,  
 'Home, Sweet Home,' or the sweet 'Sky-lark,'  
 Sung by Miss PYNE, in 'Cinderella ;'  
 Songs that remind us of days of yore,  
 Curb-stone ditties we loved to hear,  
 'Brewers' yeast !' and 'Straw, oat straw !'  
 'Lily-white corn, a penny an ear !'  
 Rustic music of chanticleer,  
 'Robert the Devil,' by MEYERBEER,  
 Played at the 'Park' when the Woods were here,  
 Or any thing else that an echo brings  
 From those mysterious vibrant strings,  
 That answer at once, like a telegraph line,  
 To notes that were written in 'Old Lang Syne ;'  
 Nothing, I say, ever played or sung,  
 Organ panted, or bugle rung,  
 Not even the horn on the Switzer Alp,  
 Was half so sweet to the Captain's ear  
 As the sound of the bullet that split his scalp,  
 And told him a scrimmage was awful near.

'Come, O Danger ! in any form,  
 'The earthquake's shock or the ocean-storm ;'  
 Come, when its century's weight of snow  
 The avalanche hurls on the Swiss chateau ;  
 Come with the murderous Hindoo Thug,  
 Come with the Grizzly's fearful hug,  
 With the Malay's stab, or the adder's fang,  
 Or the deadly flight of the boomerang,  
 But never come when carbines bang  
 That are fired by men who must fight or hang.

'Had I BRYANT's belligerent skill,  
 Would n't I make this a bloody fight ?

Or ALFRED TENNYSON's crimson quill,  
 What thundering, blundering lines I'd write!  
 I'd batter, and hack, and cut, and stab,  
 And gouge, and throttle, and curse, and jab;  
 I'd wade to my ears in oaths and slaughter,  
 Pour out blood like brandy and water;  
 Hit 'em again if they asked for quarter,  
 And cluch, and wrestle, and yell, and bite.  
 But I never could wield a carnivorous pen  
 Like either of those intellectual men;  
 I love a peaceful, pastoral scene,  
 With drowsy mountains, and meadows green,  
 Covered with daisies, grass, and clover,  
 Mottled with Dorset or South-down sheep—  
 Better, than fields with a red turf over,  
 And men piled up in a Waterloo heap.  
 But, notwithstanding, my fate cries out:  
 'Put Captain DAVIS in song and story!  
 That children hereafter may read about  
 His deeds in the Rocky-Cañon foray!'

'But would n't I like to spread a few pages  
 All over with arms of the middle ages?  
 Would n't I like to expatiate  
 On Captain DAVIS in chain or plate?—  
 Spur to heel, and plume to crest,  
 Visor barred, and lance in rest,  
 Long, cross-hilted brand to wield,  
 Cuirass, gauntlets, mace, and shield;  
 Cased in proof himself and horse,  
 From frontlet-spike to buckler-boss;  
 Harness glistening in the sun,  
 Plebeian foes, and twelve to one!  
 I tell you now there's a beautiful chance  
 To make a hero of old romance;  
 But I'm painting his picture for after-time,  
 And do n't mean to sacrifice truth for rhyme.'

Some time, when it is quite 'convenient,' we should like any one of our poetically-disposed readers to try to *imitate* the skill which entered into the construction of these lines: the faultless rhythm, the spirit, the complete *naturalness*, both of thought and execution. Meantime, if the court please, on this point 'we rest.'

THE recent death of Mr. WILLIAM E. BURTON, Comedian, (with all the particulars relating thereto,) has been made known to our readers in every part of the country. To speak of him as an actor; to say that he was irresistibly effective in the personation of his comic characters; that his 'TOODLES,' his Captain CUTTLE, and other the like personations, were matchless *individualizations*, would be simply to say what every theatre-goer knows, throughout the length and breadth of the land. He was well educated; was an easy, pleasant writer; thoroughly 'well read' in the English classics; and loved SHAKESPEARE almost to idolatry. More than a score of years since he contributed a series of papers to the KNICKERBOCKER, which extended through many numbers, and formed a marked feature in the 'Original Papers' of the work. '*An Actor's Alloquy*,' especially, was replete with interest and amusement; and it is but simple justice to the literary memory of Mr. BURTON, that we should permit him to represent *himself* in the 'Historical Narrative' of a periodical, in which he first essayed to gain an *American* literary reputation. We quote from the '*Alloquy*' two

capital anecdotes of CHARLES KEAN, and certain other amusing passages, which indicate Mr. BURTON's skill as a word-painter :

'WHEN the committee and performers of Drury Lane Theatre resolved to present KEAN with a magnificent cup, Mr. PETER MOORE, one of the committee, asked MUNDEN, the celebrated comedian, for his subscription. Now the parsimonious habits of 'Funny JOE' are no secret. Indeed, he never parted with his cash under any consideration. 'Subscription, Sir!' said he, twisting his mouth more upon one side than ever, buttoning up his breeches pocket, and drawing his coat down over it, like an experienced general determined to defend his *capital* from all attacks; 'subscription, Sir! — for what?'

'To express our opinion of this inimitable tragedian.'

'Sir, I never liked tragedy.'

'But, Mr. MUNDEN, you are a member of Drury Lane Theatre; Mr. KEAN's talents have saved the establishment, and we wish to present him with a gold cup.'

'A gold cup!' said JOE, rolling the words about in his capacious mouth; 'what dreadful extravagance! You know what SHAKESPEARE says: 'Every *inordinate cup* is unblest, and the ingredients are — devils!''

'But this cup, Mr. MUNDEN, will be an honor to all concerned.'

'The ingredients are devils, Sir; I'll have nothing to do with the mixing. Can't Mr. KEAN have his cups, without my paying for them?'

'A memento, Mr. MUNDEN; an honorable memorial —'

'Not at my expense; you are very welcome to *cup* Mr. KEAN, but I'll be hanged if you shall *bleed* me!'

'When playing at Exeter, in the height of his popularity, KEAN was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principal hotels. He drove there in his carriage. The dinner was announced; the table sumptuously decorated; and the landlord, all bows and submission, hoped that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found every thing to their satisfaction. KEAN stared at him for some moments, then said: 'Your name is —?'

'It is, Mr. KEAN; I have had the honor of meeting you before.'

'You kept, some years ago, a small tavern, in the outskirts of this town?'

'I did, Mr. KEAN. Fortune has been kind to us both since then. I recollect you, Sir, when you belonged to our theatre here.'

'And I, Sir,' said KEAN, jumping up, 'recollect you. Many years ago, I came into your paltry tavern, after a long journey, with my suffering wife and a sick child, all of us wet to the skin. I asked you for a pint of beer. You answered me like a dog, and refused to trust the liquor out of your hands, till you had received the pence, its value. I left my family by your inhospitable fire-side, while I sought for lodgings. On my return, you ordered me, like a brute, to take my wife and brat from your house, and abused me for not spending in drink, the money I had not for food. Fortune, as you say, has done something for us both, since then; but you are still the same, I see — the grasping, griping, greedy money-hunter. I, Sir, am still the same. I am now in my zenith — I was then at its nadir; but I am the same man, the same KEAN you ordered from your doors, and I have now the same hatred to oppression I had then: and, by — I'll not eat nor drink in the house belonging to so heartless a scoundrel. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for this outbreak, but were I to dine under the roof of this time-serving, gold-loving brute, the first mouthful would choke me, I am sure.' *Aussi tôt dit aussi tôt fait.* KEAN kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.

'JOHN FAWCETT, the strictest and best stage-manager Covent Garden theatre ever boasted, gave TOKELY some good advice on the subject of drink. TOKELY was an excellent comedian, and could he have conquered his bibulous propensities, must have reached a lofty eminence; but he sunk beneath the vice, and added one more name to the long, long list of men of mind who have yielded to the triumphs of rum. FAWCETT admired his talent, and did his best to wean him from his practices, but in vain. TOKELY came drunk to rehearsal more than once, and FAWCETT, irritated at his conduct, spoke him thus: 'What a beast you must be, to swill in this way, so early in the morning! Look at yourself, and if the liquor has not drowned every feeling of shame, blush while I draw your picture. Unwashed hands and face, a long beard, foul linen, and dirty boots; a fiery and loathsome breath, an unsteady gait, and the countenance of an idiot. You have become an object of pity to your friends, of derision to your enemies, of annoyance to your manager, a curse to your family, and a disgrace to the profession you otherwise might honor. This is what you gain for a momentary gratification. If you must drink—and nothing seems able to stop you—at least get drunk like a gentleman, and never drink till you have dined.' TOKELY was too blue to remember any thing of this sermon upon temperance but the last line. The next morning he was called to rehearsal at *ten o'clock*. He reeled in from the gin-shop, and stood before FAWCETT, most obviously swipesy. The manager shook his head, more in sorrow than in anger; but TOKELY, cocking his hat, and buttoning up his coat in all the seeming confidence of right, said, with many hiccoughs: 'It's all right, Sir—I have followed your advice—it's all right: *I've dined!*'"

'BETWEEN the manager, licenser, and actors, a dramatist in England may occasionally find himself in the situation of a painter, who having employed an engraver to copy a favorite picture, has it returned with these remarks: 'I have made two or three little alterations, which I think you will find very much to your advantage. That young lady, now, upon whom you have bestowed so much attention—was she not too conspicuous? I thought she would interfere with the development of that donkey there; and as I am a good hand at donkeys, I cut out the lady, and brought the donkey a little more forward. You will excuse my changing your setting sun to a full moon: moons take well now, and it has not materially altered the shading. Don't you think your hero was too insipid? I have taken the liberty of giving him whiskers, and something of a martial air. By the way, what made you place your scene in Ireland? Italy, my dear Sir, is much better; so I have put in a few ruins of temples and some brigands there, instead of that mountain in the back-ground.' Many plays have been produced upon the stage, bearing as much resemblance to the author's original intention, as the above alterations would produce in the engraver's copy of the painting.'

'No one need envy the manager whom many authors try to please. I was once engaged in the former capacity, and the quires of rubbish that I was compelled to wade through, absolutely sickened me of even the sight of a manuscript. I was forced to remember some of the points of each piece, for the scribblers knew every line by heart, and asked my opinion of such and such passages: 'How did this character come out!' 'Was not that situation in the fourth act new and good?' etc. I do believe, from the number of pieces presented to that theatre alone, that every man, and every other woman in the world, have, during some portion of their

lives, been concerned in the fabrication of a dramatic piece. I remember quieting one fellow, who would not be convinced that his tragedy, in *six* acts, called 'THERMOPILE, OR THE PHENOMENA OF BRAVERY,' written in Alexandrines, was not calculated to advance the interests of the theatre by its production.

'Have you ever read any thing like it?' said he.

'Never.'

'Would it not create an immense sensation, if performed?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'Then why not produce it?'

'We should perhaps find it difficult to allay the sensation.'

'I see; you are afraid it would fail; you surely do not understand my tragedy,' said he, with an arrogant air.

'My dear Sir,' said I, bowing, 'I confess that I have not presumption enough to take such a liberty.'

'Singers are the greatest nuisances that authors have to deal with. DIBDIN tells some queer anecdotes of them in his *Reminiscences*. A mere singer never knows the words of his or her parts, and even in the poetry of the songs, will make very strange mistakes. An eminent HENRY BERTRAM, in the finale of the opera which ought to run thus:

'If you deny us your applause,  
We've neither right nor might,'

always says, instead of the last line:

'I'm neither right nor tight.'

I have heard a man sing the ballad of 'Will Watch,' the bold Smuggler, with thrilling effect, — yet instead of singing:

'He was borne to the earth by the crew he had died with.'

he altered it to

'The crew he had *dined* with!'

'SINCLAIR continually makes a strange mistake in 'Rob Roy'. FRANCIS OSBALDSTONE has to say: 'RASHLEIGH is my cousin; but, for what reason I know not, he is my bitterest enemy.' SINCLAIR uses a different punctuation, and says: 'RASHLEIGH is my cousin, but for what reason I know not; he is my bitterest enemy.' Not singing the original song in 'Guy Mannering,' one night, he gave the following speech as a cue to the leader to strike up the symphony of the substituted song: 'Here I am, all alone on this cursed heath, without sixpence in my pocket, like — 'Love among the Roses!'' Miss FORDE, a vocalist of some pretensions, played BARBARA in the 'Iron Chest:' when her lover is torn from her to be tried for his life, she ought to sing the very pretty and pathetic ballad of 'The Willow;' but this young lady said: 'Poor WILFORD! he goes to certain death, I fear; but never shall I forget — Merrily oh!' etc., and off she went, at a hand gallop, into the lively and patriotic song of 'Merrily every bosom boundeth.'

'A young lady who was pretty and intelligent, lately played OPHELIA, and sang the snatches of song in the mad scenes with much sweetness and effect. The newspaper critics advised her to try DESDEMONA, and sing the original ballad. Her 'John Jones' at the opposition theatre caught the idea, and instantly played the part, but not knowing the original, she introduced 'Give me but my Arab Steed,' and 'The Bonny Wee Wife.' This is absolutely a fact.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—A friendly correspondent, from whose letter concerning WASHINGTON IRVING's story of *'Mountjoy'* we quoted a passage in our April number, in a second note to the EDITOR, writes feelingly and truly, as follows: 'What a treasury of interest and delight might be gathered from the recollections of those who have read Mr. IRVING's works, in different parts of the world; who associate some book of his with strange scenes abroad, or with incidents of personal history! No doubt to many the sight of some of his volumes will recall hours of enjoyment spent in the company of friends, who live only in memory. Will not the *'Sketch-Book'* recall to some mind a vision of some face, long since gone from the living, whose varying expression showed with what interest kind ears heard the pages read by familiar lips? Or will it not bring back to the memory the music of some voice never more to be heard on earth? How true it is, that charming as genial books are, they may derive a new charm, and often a most touching spell, from some gentle association. Favorite books hold the keys of some of the dearest treasures of memory. Vividly can I bring back the place of reading for the second time, the *'Conquest of Granada.'* It was on the deck of a vessel bound homeward from the Mediterranean. And the time was the pleasant month of May, when that sea and the sky above it were in all their glory; and the passengers gathered upon the quarter-deck, and one read for the pleasure of all. We were close to the Spanish shore. The wind was fair and gentle; and we could look up, when we would, and see rising from the plains of Andalusia the snowy mountains, to which allusion is so often made in the book. Three of my fellow-passengers had recently visited Granada; had wandered over all the strange and mysterious halls of the Alhambra; and I had myself visited Malaga, and looked often upon the lofty fortress where the warlike Moors made their last effort of defence in the siege. What an absorbing interest was added to the book, when on the mention of some romantic stronghold of old Granada, eager lips would at once describe its present appearance; and, when the glories of the Alhambra were set forth, as IRVING only could do it, how inspiring it was to have the glowing pictures of the printed pages confirmed by the enthusiastic testimony of living voices. In the *'Conquest of Granada,'* Mr. IRVING seems to excel himself in vivid description. If one could have the heart to find any fault with so intensely interesting a volume, it would be only to express a doubt, whether IRVING duly valued the moral grandeur of that Conquest; whether he does not sometimes, while describing its scenes, permit his exquisite irony to play too sharply with the motives and reasons of that first decisive rejection from Europe of Mohammedan usurpation. To my mind two of the most impressive events of modern history are, the celebration of the *Te Deum* over the restoration of Granada to Christian sovereignty, and the kneeling of COLUMBUS on the shore of the new world. It is certainly very striking, that the very power which was the first to break Mohammedan sway in Europe, should also have been the first to disclose the new world to the old. I have also read some one of IRVING's books on the shore of



the Mississippi, and of the far-distant Missouri, at a place not long ago an outpost of civilization; also within view of the long-rolling waves of the Pacific; and again, high up among the Andes, with snowy peaks visible on every side. You may judge, then, how greatly I prize his books, not only for themselves, but for the varied associations of their perusal; and more than all now, for that halo of the loving kindness of his living presence which they will ever wear.' Whenever I read him, I shall see him.' - - - LITTLE do the thousands upon thousands of American ladies, who sit down to operate *I. M. Singer and Company's Sewing-Machines*, know of the mystery and magnitude of their manufacture. That the machines are in universal demand, and are conceded to be the best made in the United States, is sufficiently well known and well attested. But never have we visited a manufactory, of any description, with more interest than Messrs. SINGER AND COMPANY'S establishment in Mott-street, in our city. It is a vast six-story fire-proof structure, one hundred feet front by four hundred deep, in a style of architecture not surpassed in beauty by any similar edifice in the metropolis. The following description, by the New-York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Daily Press* 'tells the whole story' of the aforesaid six stories:

'DESCENDING by iron stairs to the sub-basement, we reach the engine-room, the floor of which, covered with a neat oil-cloth, looks neat and tidy enough for a lady's boudoir. Here an engine of eighty horse power runs with noiseless and admirable precision, driving the many-wheeled and infinitely complicated machinery distributed throughout the building. On other parts of this floor are piled up in cords, as farmers in the country 'cord-up' their wood, huge pigs of iron, of which from seven to eight tons are melted and run through the furnace daily.

'The floor above is used as a moulding and casting-room, and in this murky smithy some sixty or seventy men, roofed with quaintly-shaped newspaper caps, and clad in garments of 'deepest, dingiest azure,' are kept constantly at work, moulding and casting the iron parts of the machines.

'The first, or street floor, is occupied as a store-room for the machines when finished and ready for sale or shipment. On this floor, also, is a large apartment wherein are stored vast quantities of thread and silk, spun expressly for use on these machines. The silk is manufactured principally at Northampton, Massachusetts; the linen thread is imported from Ireland. Adjoining this is what is called the 'Experiment Room,' from which strangers and employes are usually excluded. Here an ingenious gentleman is kept sedulously employed making improvements — each fresh step forward usually suggesting another.

'The second floor is called the main shop, where most of the different parts of the instrument are manufactured. Here may be found every variety of tool for cutting, boring, planing, smoothing, and polishing — lathes of all kinds, wheels of every conceivable sort; huge cutting-machines, noisy trip-hammers, drills, augers, and borers innumerable. The loud whiz and hum is like that of a very Babel; yet all is done 'decently and in order,' and with the accuracy of the multiplication-table.

'The third story is devoted to making the smaller parts of the machine, such as require more delicate manipulation and higher finish. A considerable portion of this floor is divided off by a wide screen, and used as a shop for repairing tools and machinery.

'In the fourth story the machines are adjusted and tested. Not one is taken thence until thoroughly tested in every particular. Each little part of the machine, on being placed in its proper position, is carefully examined, and the whole instrument afterward subjected to thorough trial. It would not pay to send out an imperfect machine.

'The fifth floor is as quiet as the third and fourth are noisy. Here the machines are



painted, varnished, and gilded. On benches extending along the entire front of the building, men are busy ornamenting the iron work of the machines with flowers and curious devices in gold and silver leaf, and the rapidity and neatness with which they do it is surprising. At one end of this room are two large iron vaults, as large as an Irishman's shanty, heated to a high temperature, inside of which are iron racks whereon the machines are placed and the paint and varnish rapidly dried.

'The sixth story is occupied by the pattern and frame-makers, and the attic for storage. Each floor is amply provided with water-closets, cleanly kept, and every thing requisite for the comfort and convenience of the men. Each floor is kept brightly scrubbed, and the ventilation of the whole building carefully attended to.

'The number of workmen employed in this iron temple of industry and inventiveness is over six hundred, whose wages average from ten to twelve dollars per week. Yet large as this number is, enabling the manufactory to turn out about seventy machines per day, the proprietors have erected in Delancy street a building three times as large, capable of working eighteen hundred men.'

Such are the places where are manufactured, to an extent unsurpassed in the world, the famous machines of SINGER AND COMPANY. The superiority, in all respects, operative and external, of these efficient and beautiful machines is fully attested by these pregnant facts. DEMAND is the one expressive monosyllable, which is very 'satisfactory.' - - - WHEN HORACE and JAMES SMITH wrote the 'Rejected Addresses,' they did not resurrect ADDISON or GOLDSMITH for imitation. Their style was too pure for travesty. So it was with IRVING, then at the height of his popularity in England. But when the 'Rejected Addresses' themselves were imitated in 'Warreniana,' an inferior pen *did* attempt a parody of GEOFFREY CRAYON's sketch of ROSCOE, in the opening of the Sketch-Book. Let us see what was made of it :

'As, for this reverential purpose, I was once buying a pot of blacking, at number 90 Strand, my attention was attracted to a person who was seated, in a state of deep abstraction, behind the counter. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by care, perhaps by business. He had a noble Roman style of countenance, a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on either side his nose showed that snuff and sorrow had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling shop-boys around him.

'I inquired his name, and was informed that it was WARREN. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an artist of celebrity; this was one of those imaginative spirits, whose newspaper advertisements had gone forth to the ends of the earth, and with whose blacking I had polished my shoes, even in the solitudes of America! It was a moment pregnant with emotion; and though the popular graces of his poetry had made me familiar with the name of WARREN yet it could not diminish the reverence which his immediate presence inspired.

'As I quitted his abode, the recollection of this great man gave a tone of deep meditation to my mind. I recalled what I had heard of his character, his lowly origin, and subsequent elevation; his unconquerable diligence, and rich poetic fancy. Nature, I internally exclaimed, appears to have disseminated her bounties with a more impartial profusion than our vanity is willing to allow. If to one favorite she has assigned the glittering endowments of rank and fortune, she has com-

pensated the want of them in another, by an intellect of superior elevation. Such has been the case with Mr. WARREN. Though humble in origin, and suckled amid scenes repulsive to the growth of mind, he has yet contrived to hew himself a path to the Temple of Fame, and having become the poetical paragon of the Strand, has turned the whole force of his genius to manufacture and to eulogize his blacking. This prudent concentration of his faculties has been attended with the most felicitous consequences. The stream of his fancy, that before flowed over a wide, ungrateful surface, by contracting its channel has deepened its power, and now rolls onward to the ocean of eternity, reflecting on its bosom the rich lights of poesy and wit.

Independently, however, of his imagination, this mighty manufacturer has shown how much may be effected by diligence alone, and how attractive it may present itself in the columns of a newspaper, the placards of a pedestrian, or the sides of a church-yard wall. The memoranda of his name and profession display themselves in alphabetical beauty at every department of the metropolis. They have elbowed Doctor SOLOMON'S Elixir, pushed DAY and MARTIN from their stools, and taken the wall of that interesting anomaly, the Mermaid. Such is the triumph of genius. Doctor SOLOMON is dead and gone, and there is no balm in Gilead; but WARREN'S blacking will be immortal. Its virtues will insure its eternity; for not only doth it irradiate boots, shoes, and slippers with a gentle and oleaginous refugence, but while it preserves the leather, it cherishes, like piety, the old and stricken sole.

In America, we know Mr. WARREN only as the tradesman; in Europe, Asia, and Africa, he is spoken of as the poet; and at the Canaries, on my voyage to England, I was told by a Hottentot of his having been unfortunate in love. I was sensibly afflicted at the intelligence, but felt that the illustrious invalid was far, far above the reach of pity. There are some lofty minds that soar superior to calamity, as the Highlands of the Hudson tower above the clouds of earth. WARREN has a soul of this stamp. His majestic spirit may feel, but will not bow before the strong arm of adversity. The blighting winds of care may howl around him in their fury, but like the oak of the forest, he will stand unshaken to the last. Beside, it may, perhaps, be to this very accident that his advertisements owe their charm; for the mind, when breathed over by the seathing mildew of calamity, naturally turns for refreshment to its own healing stores of intellect.

I do not wish to censure, but surely, surely if the commercial residents of the Strand had been properly sensible of what was due to Mr. WARREN and themselves, they would have evinced some public mark of sympathy with his misfortune. They would have shown him those gentle and unobtrusive attentions which win their way in silence to the heart, when the more noisy professions of esteem stick like Amen in the larynx of MACBETH. Even I, stranger and sojourner as I am in the land, can heave the sigh of pity for his sorrows; what then should be the sensibility of those who have seen him grow up a bantling, as it were, of their own; who have marked the plant put forth its first tender blossoms, and watched its growing luxuriance, until the period when it overshadowed the Strand with the matured abundance of its foliage?

But it is an humbling reflection for the pride of human intellect, that the value of an object is seldom felt, until it be forever lost. Thus, when the grave has closed around him, the name of WARREN may be possibly recalled with sentiments of sincerest affection. At present, while yet in existence, he is undervalued by an invidi-

ous vicinity. But the man of letters, who speaks of the Strand, speaks of it as the residence of WARREN. The intelligent traveller who visits it, inquires where WARREN is to be seen. He is the literary land-mark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar. He is like POMPEY's column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity.'

Now read Mr. IRVING's sketch of ROSCOE, and compare the two. The salient points, for imitation or travesty, of a pure, transparent style, are 'few and far between.' - - - WE rejoice, in common with thousands of our countrymen, that the beloved and lamented IRVING has at length been honored by a TRIBUTE which renders adequate justice to his life, his writings, and his genius. It was most fitting that such a pen as BRYANT's should be employed in the masterly portrayal of the personal traits and literary career, and eminent, blameless life, of our most illustrious American author. Our excellent friend, the Ex-President of our Good *Saint Nicholas*, (we write on Paās Monday,) Ex-Governor of our State, Mr. KING, in moving a vote of thanks to Mr. BRYANT for his eloquent address, well and truthfully observed: 'The persuasive eloquence of the orator strongly moves me to express my sentiments with reference to that address. It was eminently worthy of him who made it. It was a delicate and beautiful tribute to a friend, such as it rarely falls to the lot of any man to receive. Kindred in the powers of their mind, each having received, as they deserved, the praise of their countrymen, and the approval of those wherever they are who can appreciate the finished efforts of finished minds, it was eminently becoming upon this occasion that he who survives in all his strength and power should bear his testimony to the gentle character and literary fame of him whose course is run. It has been well remarked, as a matter of coincidence worthy of note, that the same pen which described with matchless ability the courage and enterprise of the sagacious discoverer of this western continent, had also with equal ability portrayed the life and character of WASHINGTON, the great and good, who in after years, upon the same continent, founded the first republic of equal rights the world has ever seen. May it be perpetual, and with it the poetry and writings of its distinguished sons.' The entire proceedings before the Historical Society, the speeches from distinguished orators present, and the letters from men of eminence who were unavoidably absent, will soon be published in an enduring form. We shall not permit the pamphlet, with its valuable contents, to escape the knowledge of our readers.

Mr. EDWARD EVERETT worthily followed Mr. BRYANT: and one passage of his brief speech is so characteristically eloquent, that we cannot resist the inclination to quote it in this place: 'At the darkest hour which preceded the dawn of our national literature, the first purple gleam of IRVING's fancy began to blush in the east. Soon the sky was seen to redden and glow with the coming splendors; hope and expectation strained their waiting eyes toward the glorious light, and anon the sun of his resplendent genius arose, with healing in his wings, and moved with steadfast glory up to the meridian. Then, like the sun on Gideon, it stood still — a long and gladsome noon — shedding light and joy through the world of letters, till it went down at length with unclouded beams to the golden west. His fame and his favor grew with the growth and strength-

ened with the strength of the country. His early productions were the favorites of the club-room and the fire-side, when we counted some seven millions of population, in 1809. His *Life of COLUMBUS* and *Life of WASHINGTON* have been received as classics by four times that number, whose overflow has spread to the Pacific Ocean. The most popular of our writers in his youth, where there were none to contest the palm, he led, with cheerfully acknowledged superiority, the rapidly increasing company of names not unworthy to be classed with his own, and went down to his grave in his well-earned, undisputed, unenvied preëminence.' - - - THE annexed *Tri-lingual Label on a box of German Magnetic Toys*, we think will interest 'modern scholars.' The German original, the French, and the English, 'taken together,' are still *unique*. Separating words, crossing an *l* to make it a *t*, or distinguishing between an *I* and a *J*, probably did not occur to the Teutonic translator, and the manufacturer's printer 'followed copy.' We only wish that the reader could have before him the original lithographed label (or *libel*) itself:

'Anweisung.

*'Diese magnetischen Gegenstände werden in Wasser sehr schnell nach der beliebigen Leitung des beiliegenden Stabes schwimmen. Eben so schnell werden sie zurück schwimmen, wenn der Stab ihnen umgekehrt vorgehalten wird.  
Die Fische bei welchen sich gewöhnlich Haken oder Angel befinden, können mit denselben gefangen und aus dem Wasser gehoben werden.'*

'Instruction.

*'Les objets magnetiques, nageront dans l'eau très-vite, suivant la direction du bâton accompagné ils retourneront aussi vite si l'on renverse le bâton. Les poissons sont peché en hameau ou à l'amegon, qui sont ordinairement ajoutés.'*

'Instruction.

*'If those magnetic toys are put in water and you hold the point of the little stick which is added to them just before them, they will follow it exactly in every direction but if you will use the other end of the stick they will go backward. The fish may be caught and taken out of the water with the angle or hook, which is commonly sold with them.'*

It is a high recommendation of these magnetic '*Fishes*,' that even if 'lackenoul' of the water, they will not expire! - - - DURING the exciting campaign of 185-, in Illinois, a prominent politician made a disunion speech at Quincy. After he was through, and before the crowd had dispersed, a man who styled himself '*The Aforesaid M.D.*,' was called for. He was lifted upon the platform, so drunk that he could not stand without holding on to something. He said:

'GENTLEMEN and ladies, you're talkin' of dissolvin' the Union: you can't do it: if you go to — you can't do it! Thar's that are flag a-wavin' up thar, called the Star-Spangled Banner: how yea a-goin' to divide *that*, ha? Are yea a-goin' to give the stars to the Norf and the stripes to the Souf? No-Sir-ree; the thing can't be did! (*Cheers*.)

'And thar's that good old toon that the band's a-playin' out thar, called Yankee Doodle: how you 'goin' to divide *that*, eh? Are ye a-goin' to give the Yankee to the Norf and the Doodle to the Souf? I say boldly, the thing can't be did! (*Cheers*.)

'And thar's that stream of water a-runnin' down thar, called the 'Father-o'-

Wotters: how are yea a-goin to divide *that*? Are yea a-goin' to dam it up with MASON and DIXON's line? I say you can't do that thing! Wal, you can't! (*Cheers.*)

'And thar's the rail-road layin' out thar; how yea 'goin' to divide *that*, eh? are you goin' to tie it up with MASON and DIXON's line? You can't do it! (*Cheers.*)

'And there's all the fast hosses standin' round here; how are yea agoin' to divide them? old hosses! Are ye a-goin' to run 'em north, and run 'em south, and run 'em east, and run 'em west? (*Cheers.*)

'And thar's all the handsome wimmen round here; how are yea a-goin' to divide *them*? Are you goin to give the old ones to the Norf, and the young ones to the Souf? Waäl, you don't! If you go to thunder you can't do it! (*Immense cheering.*)

'And thar's all the feathered tribe and other birds a-flyin' about here, and the chickens and egg's-nests; how you goin' to divide *them*, eh?' (*Tremendous cheering.*)

Our reporter could hear no more, for the roars of laughter which ensued, as the 'Doctor' fell from the platform. - - - We have never seen Mr. ROBERT BONNER, of the '*New-York Weekly Ledger*;' we never have written to him; never exchanged a line with him; and were we to meet him this moment, we should not, as they say out west, 'know him from a deep hole in the ground,' or 'recognize his hide in a tan-yard:' but although we do not know him personally, we know *of* him: we know that he prints a good and interesting paper, which, *because* it is such a paper, has attained an unparalleled circulation. All his *eminent* correspondents are as familiar to our readers, through their original productions in these pages, as they are to his: and we rejoice in the reputation which the editor and his coadjutors have imparted to his handsome sheet. There appeared some time since, in the KNICKERBOCKER, against our strenuous protest, and against the wish of the publisher, an article reflecting upon the '*Ledger*,' entitled '*Edward Everett writes for Bonner.*' In a subsequent number, in quoting a most kind letter from Mr. EVERETT to the EDITOR, written long before, we endeavored to make the *amende honorable* both to the Ledger and to Mr. EVERETT. We mention these facts at this time, that the act of an associate, who had temporary charge at that time of the 'body' of our work, may not be laid at *our* door, or that of our publisher. - - - The following '*Cure for Intemperance*,' which we find in one of our port-folios, is a rich specimen of very odd but very effective 'medical treatment.' Not to put *too* fine a point upon it, it smacks somewhat of 'sharp practice:'

'An eccentric English nobleman had an established and peremptory law 'obtaining' in his house, which was, that any servant who once got drunk should be instantly discharged. No pardon was to be granted, no excuse listened to. Yet an old footman who had lived with him many years would sometimes indulge in a pot of ale or 'alf-and-'alf' extraordinary, trusting to the wilful blindness which he saw assumed when convenient.

'One fatal day, however, even this could not and did not avail. As 'my lord' crossed the hall, JOHN appeared in full view; not 'rather tipsy,' or 'a little disguised,' but dead drunk, and unable to stand. His master went up to him, and looking at him, said:

'My poor fellow! what ails you? You seem dreadful ill. Let me feel your pulse. Bless me! he is in a raging fever! Get him to bed immediately, and send for the apothecary!'

'The apothecary came, not to be consulted, for his lordship was physician-general in his own family, but to obey orders; to 'bleed the patient copiously,' 'shave his head,' 'clap a large blister on his back,' and 'give him a powerful dose of physic!'

'After a few days of this treatment, when the fellow emerged weak and wan as the severest illness could have made him, he was met by the lord, his master, with:

'Hah! honest JOHN! I'm truly glad to see you alive. You have had a wonderful escape, though, and you ought to be very thankful indeed, *very* thankful. Why, man, if I had n't passed by and spied the plight you were in, you would have been dead before now: but JOHN,' lifting up a warning finger, '*no more of these Fevers!*'

He was not sick again! - - - 'ONCE upon a time,' and it was a pleasant summer morning, we were standing chatting with our late lamented friend, CHARLES M. LEUPP, in the 'vestibule' of the great 'Leather House,' number twenty Ferry-street, in the 'Swamp,' when *some* one, passing by at the time, and looking up, said: 'LEUPP, why do n't you take down that old sign, 'GIDEON LEE?' It's all worn out: the wood has dropped away from the letters, and the paint has eena'most rotted off o' *them*? Why do n't you take it down and split it up?' LEUPP *looked* at his interlocutor, with that watery-blue, full-pupil'd, interior German eye of his, and with a motion of his hand waved his questioner on his way, without saying a word in reply. Mr. GOURLIE has told us how precious was the memory of that name in the heart of Mr. LEUPP. And there it is still, in the old place. Signs are very curious things, in a great city. Down in Murray-street, at the corner of College-Place, there are some rusty, dingy, forbidding-looking iron chests, which we see every day as we take our way to the boat: but like GIDEON LEE's sign, they are types of something worthy to be remembered: they are 'Defiance Safes,' that have been tried by fierce flames for hours upon hours together, and yet delivered their precious and otherwise wholly irrecoverable contents unharmed. And in West-street, toward the Battery, there is another 'case in p'int: 'a ship-chandler's sign, an anchor, that 'held wonderful onto a schooner,' in a celebrated September gale, and a 'block-and-tackle' that seemed coëval with SOL GUL's Midshipman-sign so revered by himself and Captain CUTTLE. - - - In the '*Extemporaneous Discourses*,' elsewhere noticed, occurs a passage which many a mother will thank us for quoting: 'A dear child is taken away: how valueless and secondary all things else become! It is a great lesson, teaching us that this world is not the highest good, when a bereavement such as this will make all things secondary. I was much struck in reading about a nobleman who died not long since in England. He had an iron safe, or chest, all locked up, but marked, '*To be removed first, in case of fire.*' When he died, his friends opened that chest, supposing of course that some valuable document, or deed of property, rich jewelry, or costly plate would be found in it. But what did they find? They found the toys of his little child, who had gone before him. Richer to him were they than all the world's wealth — richer than his coronet: brighter than all the jewels that sparkled on its crest. Not his estate, not his jewels, not his equipage, nothing glorious and great in this world; but the dearest objects to him were the toys of his little child.' - - - 'Do you remember a Ghost-story,' writes a town-correspondent, 'which COLERIDGE mentions in his 'Table-Talk,' as having been told to him by WASHINGTON ALLSTON, in London? It is quite as 'striking'



as the admirable ghostly narrative of 'JOHN WATERS,' quoted in your last number: 'It was, I think, in the University of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavor to convert a TOM PAINE-ish companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awakening and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A., very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face, and said, 'I know you. This is a good joke; but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish!' The ghost stood still. 'Come,' said A., 'that is enough. I shall get angry. Away!' Still the ghost moved not. 'By ——,' ejaculated A., 'if you do not in three minutes go away, I'll shoot you.' He waited the time, deliberately levelled his pistol, fired, and, with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterward died. The very instant he believed it to be a ghost, his human nature fell before it!' - - - As this last sheet of the present number of the KNICKERBOCKER is passing to the press, the daily journals announce the death, at Hyde-Park, on the Hudson, of Mr. JAMES K. PAULDING, one among the earliest of the distinguished contributors to this Magazine. Of this event, and of the literary and personal characteristics of the deceased author, and 'True American,' we hope it may be our province to speak hereafter. A few days previous to WASHINGTON IRVING's death, Mr. PAULDING, in a friendly letter to him, spoke of their declining years, and added the subjoined sentence: 'IRVING, we are running a race; and it remains to be seen which of us shall win the prize.' Too soon was that 'Game of Life' decided! - - - SEVERAL new publications, received too late for notice in the present number, will 'have despatch in our next. Will our friends, the Publishers, both here and elsewhere, oblige us by sending *early* copies of their works, addressed to L. GAYLORD CLARK, Editor KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, care of Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, Publisher and Proprietor, Numbers 16 and 18 Jacob-Street, New-York.

#### New Music.

WILLIAM HALL AND SON, 543 Broadway, New-York, have issued '*Voices, Lingering Voices*,' a duet for soprano and contralto, by WALLACE, of very moderate difficulty, but very effective. '*Variations on Melodies of J. R. Thomas*,' by CHARLES GROBE; of the six pieces of this series we have received '*One Cheering Word*,' and '*The Banks of the Genesee*.' '*Remember and Forget*,' by WALLACE: a song of which the words, by J. C. CARPENTER, are somewhat above the average of those usually set to music,' and the melody is worthy of them. '*Rebecca Waltzes*,' by Signor MUZIO. '*The Shepherd's Roundelay*,' a pastoral sketch, by WALLACE, a long piece, and not difficult. '*Poeme d'Amitie*,' Polka Mazurka, par CHARLES FRADEL. '*Sweet Evening Star*,' song by WALLACE.

J. H. HIDLEY, 519 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., has issued '*Songs of Praise the Angels Sang*,' one of a series of six motets, by T. S. LLOYD. '*When the Swallows Homeward Fly*,' transcribed for piano by FRED. DAVIS, requires a very rapid and delicate touch. '*Transcription Brillante de la Barcarolle des Vêpres Siciliennes pour Piano*,' par A. W. BERG. '*I am Thine*,' by KARL MERTZ, a very short, very easy, and very good ballad. '*Jubilate Deo*,' soprano solo and chorus, by T. S. LLOYD. This piece requires greater executive skill than can usually be found in voluntary choirs. '*True Love*,' a favorite Tuscan melody, varied for piano, by A. W. BERG. '*Silver Night Mazurka*,' by G. W. WARREN. '*Thy will be Done*,' a Sabbath evening song, by S. LAWRENCE: simple and artistic.